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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

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BEAUTY IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—MISS EMMA WALTERS, A DASHING BALTIMORE BELLE, ADOPTS AN INGENIOUS DEVICE TO ECLIPSE HER COMPANIONS IN THE ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 2.

Fatal Foolhardiness.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Years ago it was a common practice with Paterson young men to leap from the bridge across the chasm at Passaic Falls into the water below, a depth of at least eighty feet, but varying according to the height of the river. This jump was first taken, it is said, by "Sam Patch," and his example was afterward emulated by the lads until they became quite expert, and this really fearful leap came to be regarded as no very great feat at all. But Sam Patch used to run and jump from the rocks at one side, while the boys, not to be outdone, or rather with a desire to outdo, became so reckless as to jump from the old wooden foot-bridge across the chasm—a much more dangerous performance. These lads learned that if they only managed to drop into the water perpendicularly they were all right, and after several had suffered from broken limbs by disregarding this, they became quite expert. Finally the practice was disapproved of by the city authorities, many being maimed from time to time, and so it was discontinued and nothing has been done in that way for a long time until last week, when Frank Higgins succeeded in creating a sensation in that way without disaster, and this put it into the heads of others to try it.

On Sunday afternoon, 4th inst., about six o'clock, two young men, Thomas Doolan and William Roseller, the former a machinist and unmarried man, aged about twenty-three years, sauntered into the Falls grounds, much the worse for drink. There was scarcely anybody about, and the two

began to banter one another about the feat of jumping off the bridge, and both men stripped to their pantaloons ready to make the awful plunge, which should only be attempted, if at-

tempted at all, by those who are in perfect possession of their senses. Roseller cried out as he mounted the railing on the western side of the bridge, near the centre, "Who goes first?"

closed in and no body was found. Early on the following morning the search was renewed, and finally, about seven o'clock, George Garaband and James Sheridan, who had been out all night,

"Go on, Bill," answered the other, as he clambered on the rail at a little distance and stood on the narrow ledge outside, with his back toward the rail.

"Here goes, then," exclaimed Roseller, as he leaped down perpendicularly, head first. Another moment and he had come to the surface and was swimming toward the basin a few hundred feet below. As he went he cried out, "Come on, Tom."

Tom Doolan, remarking, "Well, I s'pose I'll have to go now; good by boys," followed, but not in as good "form," for he struck the water at an angle of forty-five degrees, or even a trifle more inclined to the horizontal, sank from sight and never returned entirely to the surface. About a half minute elapsed and then he was seen partially submerged, the back of his head and one shoulder uppermost, but these also under water, and in this position, with nether extremities quite out of sight, he floated slowly across the narrow channel, not less than fifty to sixty feet deep in the chasm, and sank by the towering wall of gray rocks on the other side.

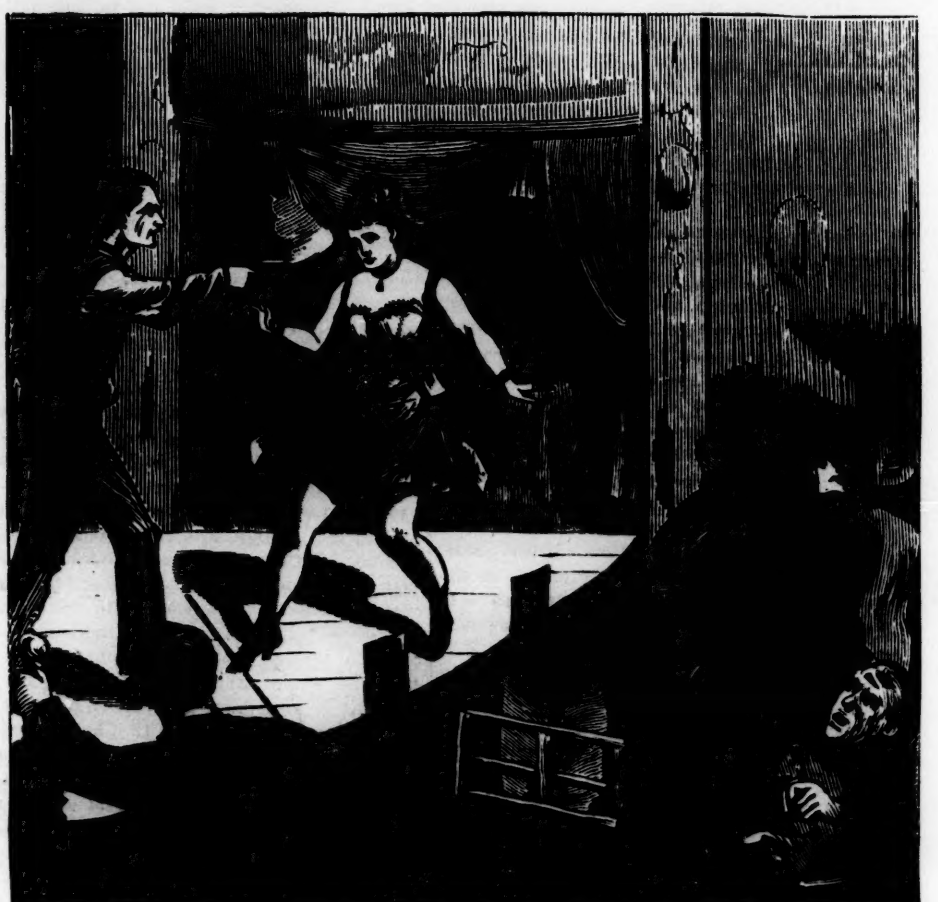
Immediately all was consternation, and in a few minutes thousands of spectators had collected, all wild with excitement. All known means were used to recover the body, but without avail. Parties worked all of Sunday night grappling in the deep and probing the sullen waters to compel them to give up their dead, and yet night



WAKING THE WRONG CORPSE—RIVAL GERMAN AND IRISH CLAIMANTS TO THE BODY OF A DROWNED MAN WRANGLING OVER THE COFFIN, IN NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.



DARING ROBBERY OF CASHIER STONE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 13.



JOHN LANHAM MURDERS GEORGIA DRAKE, AN ACTRESS, AT THE GREEN FRONT SALOON, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—SEE PAGE 13.



THE BODY OF A MAN WITH HIS THROAT CUT, FOUND FLOATING IN THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

residence of the neighborhood assembled in large numbers. It was almost impossible to tell what was being done, and so great was the darkness, and when Captain Cherry and Detective O'Connor, of the Eleventh precinct, came upon the scene they were obliged to feel their way into the blind alley. The two brothers, on the approach of the police ran out of some rear way and escaped. Michael Green alias "Mickey," ran through the streets and was captured about half-past twelve in the Thirteenth precinct. The other brother escaped. It was found that a

tobacco, twenty-three years old, of 15 Clinton street, stabbed in breast and throat, and John Seewalt, stabbed in face and head. They were taken to the Eleventh precinct station house and ambulances telegraphed for. The men were so seriously wounded that death was expected at any moment, and Walsh, the surgeon said, would not live to reach the hospital. The station house had the appearance of a shambles, and blood ran in every direction over the floor. Michael Green protested that he was not guilty, but David Walsh positively identified him as the person who had stab-



TWO RIVAL LOVERS SETTLE THEIR CLAIM BY A BOATING CONTEST, AT LESTERVILLE, MASS.

caught something on their line to which was attached a large hook, and pulling up the already bloated body of young Doolan appeared, with not a bruise on it. The remains were found not two feet from where Doolan had disappeared. This it is thought will stop, at least for a time, all like foolhardy attempts. Some who were present when the descent was made by Doolan are positive that his foot caught in something at the bridge, and that he turned over at least twice in going down, and finally struck the water flat, but the most reliable reason is as given above.

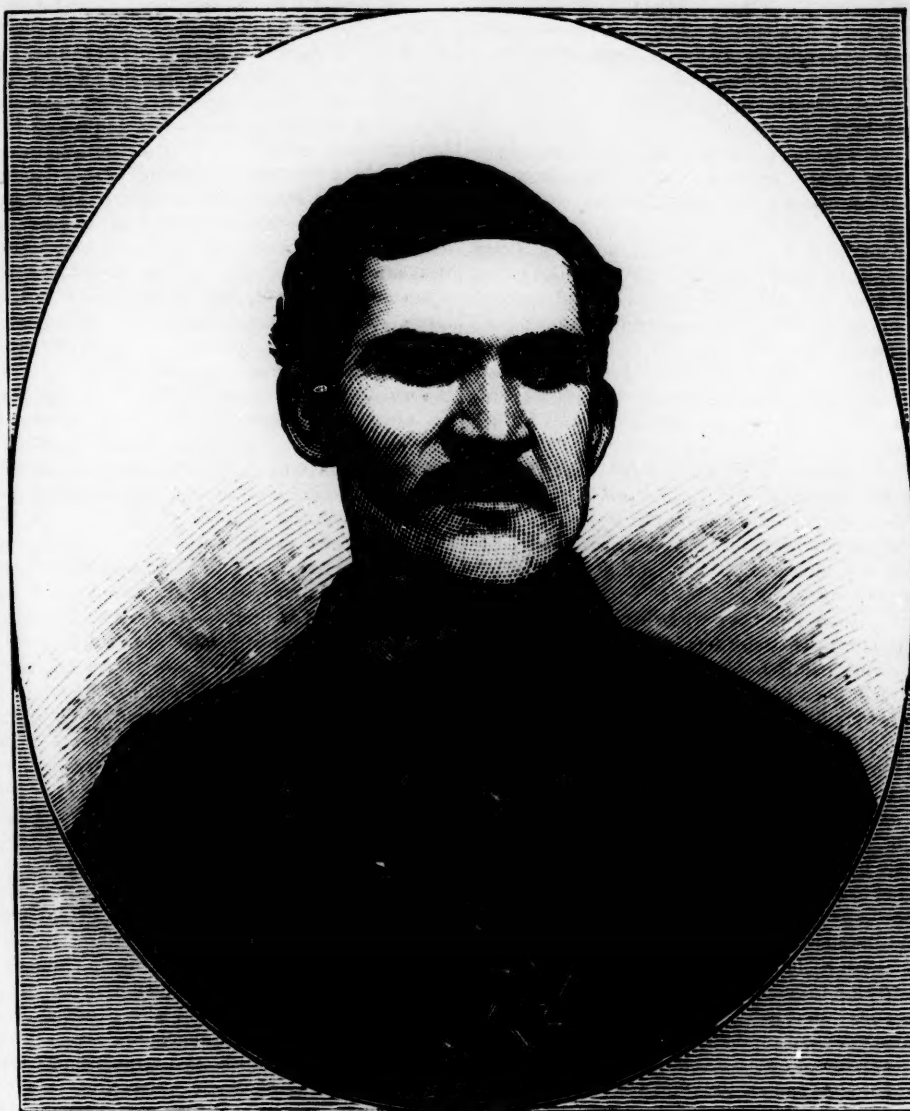
Murderous Affray in an Alleyway.

[Subject of Illustration.]

What will probably prove a triple murder took place shortly after midnight, Sunday, 4th inst. in an alleyway leading into Sheriff street. Three men were stabbed—fatally, it is believed—and one of the two assailants was arrested.

John Seewalt, a wood turner, twenty-four years of age, and residing at 202 Eldridge street, while on his way home shortly after midnight met in passing through Sheriff street a young girl named Annie Green, who lived at 94 Sheriff street. He stopped at her side, and after some conversation accompanied her down the street toward her home. They stopped in front of an alleyway at 94 Sheriff street and resumed conversation. They had been talking but a few moments when Michael Green, twenty-three years of age, a brother of Annie Green, ran up to them and struck Seewalt, whom he did not know, a heavy blow in the face. There was a slight scuffle, and then Green ran out the alleyway and disappeared. The noise of the encounter attracted the attention of a number of men about the place, and they hurried up asking what was the matter. As soon as they learned they advised Seewalt to follow Green into the alley and give him a good thrashing. After some hesitation, and being dared by Green, Seewalt went in. Hardly had he entered before the crowd upon the outside heard him cry, "Murder! Police! I am stabbed!"

An immediate rush was made for the dark alley and two men—Green and his brother, who had entered the alley by a rear way—were found standing over Seewalt's prostrate body. The two Greens made an attack on the crowd and for a few moments there was a general fight. Knives were in the hands of both of the brothers and they cut right and left. Shrieks and groans resounded from the darkness and the affrighted



E. S. MILLER, CITY MARSHAL OF BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—SEE PAGE 2.

number of men had been wounded—three of them so seriously that it is not expected that they can live. Their names are Martin Muller, twenty-five years of age, wood carver, 91 Pitt street, stabbed in breast and arm; David Walsh,

bed him. The three wounded men were taken to Bellevue Hospital.

An Aged Ruffian's Sentence.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., August 7.—William Craw-

ford, whose sixty winters and nearness to the grave did not prevent him from committing one of the most heinous crimes of the criminal code, was convicted yesterday in Judge Elcock's court for perpetrating a brutal outrage on a little girl scarce 7 years of age. He had enticed the child, with a promise of a few pennies, up an alleyway leading off of Lombard street, near Eighth street. Afterwards he was found by a officer, guided by the child, in the alley in a drunken sleep. The trial lasted but eight minutes and Crawford, who appears to be a man of some intelligence, had not a word to say in his defense. When asked by Judge Elcock if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced he replied, nothing.

"How old are you?" said the Judge.

"Sixty years," was his answer.

"Have you a family?" was the next question.

"No."

"Well, it's time you were dead," added Judge Elcock. "I sentence you to twelve years in the Eastern Penitentiary."

A Mystery of the River.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the evening of Monday, 5th inst., John Nelson of the grain sloop Lady Emma, lying at the foot of Twenty-eighth street, saw the body of a man rise to the surface of the water near his vessel. With the assistance of Officer O'Rourke the body was drawn to the pier, and it was discovered that the throat was cut from ear to ear.

The body was warm, the blood still flowing from the wound, but life was extinct. On the dock was a pool of fresh blood, and a few steps off a white straw hat. The man was about fifty years old, five feet seven inches high, sandy gray hair, side whiskers and moustache, dressed in black cloth coat and pants and vest, white linen shirt, gaiter shoes. There was nothing in his pockets by which he could be identified. The body was taken to the Morgue.

A Boating Contest For Love.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Boston, Mass., August 3.—A young lady at Lesterville, an eastern suburb, could not decide between two aspirants for her hand, and told them to decide the matter themselves, discarding dueling. They boat-raced, the winner being so exhausted that he could not get out of his boat for some time, but he walked home with his prize, who had been a spectator.



MARTIN MULLER, DAVID WALSH AND JOHN SEEWALT FATALLY STABBED BY THE GREEN BROTHERS IN AN AFFRAY IN AN ALLEYWAY, ON SHERIFF STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

CHICAGO'S CIRCUS.

Not to be Outdone by Cincinnati the
Enterprising City by the Lake
Gets up a Bigger Show

IN THE SAME LINE

Of a Wholesale Scooping in of the
Frail Ones Which Throws the
Other Far in the Shade.

SCENES IN THE POLICE BULL PENS.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 6.—On Saturday night a raid was made by the police upon the gamblers and frail women of this city, according to an order to that effect by the newly elected Superintendent of Police, Seavey, and the result was a huge scooping in of unfortunates. The *Times* describes as follows the scenes in the prisons of the police courts during the incarceration of these legions of the evil one:

Daylight threw its glare upon the shadows that were found in the slums and in the tattered places of Chicago, on Saturday night, as they were bunched and literally crammed in the bullpens of the police courts. If the better portion of the community had been permitted to unroof the armory and Madison street stations, and gaze upon the scene they presented, it would not have wondered at the shame and crime which have been linked to the annals of this city.

The scene consisted of women whose lives seemed to have drifted away from the cradle almost at the start, and been washed about on the ocean of human existence, forever drifting farther and farther away from every semblance of home or the influence of morality. Whose lips were steeped in profanity; whose faces were seared with nights of dissipation; whose every appearance, from the crimped hair which was twisted upon the tops of their heads to the bottom of their skirts, showed how deeply they had been

IN THE CESSPOOL OF DEGRADATION.

Then there was a class of men—God save the mark—whose lives were permitted from the fact that they were allowed to hang on the tatters of these "red" women, who dragged them through the slums; men who haunted the streets after nightfall, acutely soliciting the attention of others for the benefit of these women in order that they, the solicitors, might be the chief beneficiary of the earnings of shame. Some of these men would deceive the uninitiated by their smooth, sleek appearance. Some of them are the same individuals who wear button-hole bouquets in the lobbies of the theatres on matinee days, who ogle women on the street corners, and who can be found on the front seats everywhere, claiming respectability, when not engaged in thumping the poor creatures who do not "make" as much as their craven and beastly appetites cry out for. Then there was another class of men, and women, too, the members of which had grown bleary-eyed and tangle-haired together; the droppings of the scum of badness. These had gone so far out in the roll of years that every record of their youth had been obliterated. Men and women who had almost passed beyond the touch of passion, and who depend upon pilfering, throat-slitting, and the

HARBORING OF THIEVES FOR THEIR EXISTENCE.

It might be said of these as was said of the French commune that once howled and forced the revolution: "They seem to have been unharnessed from Ezekiel's chariot to drag the dung cart of Sampson."

What was to be done with this accumulation was the question which agitated the minds of Justices Summerfield and Morrison. The courtroom of each was a jam—for there is a certain morbid curiosity that winds up stairways and hangs upon window-sills to gaze upon the deformities of vice.

Inside the railings there was the usual array of police attorneys. Their practice is not bounded by any particular degree of transgression, nor are their efforts curtailed or augmented by the amount of the prospective fee. They have attained a certain position, and there they stick like a spider that feels its web secure, and reaches out for whatever is upon the wing. Allied to these was that other class that clings to the walls of stations like ivy,—the straw-bailers. The members of this class watch the footsteps of such as find themselves under the roof of the law, as they dodge along under the darkness, and when their shriek is heard under the official hand, these hurry forward to stand good for the appearance the next day of such as they endorse. For this disinterested and apparent charity the wrecks in the dungeons are required to put up whatever they may have in the way of change; if they have nothing of the kind, their jewels are taken. If these persons are unadorned by cheap or costly glitter,

SOME ARTICLE OF THEIR APPAREL IS TAKEN.

These constituted a part of the scene in the armory and the west side courts on yesterday.

Huddled together in a corner by themselves, elevated a little aside from the scum, were the inmates of several gambling houses, a smile of satisfaction upon their faces, because they felt assured of the continuance in view, and from this they spied the change of venue, the crooked jury of a one-horse constable and final acquittal.

In the south side court the denizens of "Biller avenue," "Oheyenne," and certain stripes of State street, looked out upon the mailed hand of Summerfield that seemed especially formed for such as they. Ruby Bell, the heroine of a hundred court scenes, headed the list. She looked over the picture before her, and seemed to gloat over the fact that she was known to every eye. When she was fined \$100 she curled her lip and said she would appeal it. When she was fined \$5 for another offense she stooped down, made a mysterious shuffle among the folds of her linen, as if exploring her bosom, and then resumed the perpendicular with a roll in her hand, from which she selected a "V," and departed only to renew her vocation of

"ROFING IN" THE UNWARY.

Of the sixty-five miserable creatures that were fined \$100, not one of them had a dollar, and they were packed in "buses and sent to the bridewell. Six loads of these shrieking, profaning, blatant creatures were landed upon the stone steps of the bridewell. Their "friends" or solicitors and thumpers were fined \$100 each, and except where they took appeals followed their partners of degradation to Felton's house. About thirty-five "mistresses of dens" were fined \$100, and most of them appealed.

The gamblers waited up to the bar represented by able counsel—not selected from the police professionals—and obtained their continuance to the 6th.

When the scene was over, and the Court mopped its brow, and the clerk laid his head on the desk, and the bald-headed bailiff had his head out of the window feeling for a breeze, and the bailiffs had departed, the "attorneys" went over the way to count up their jewels, false hair combs, brushes, chains, rings and what little they had collected as fees, the south side took a fresh breath.

On the west side there was a more motley crowd, a more curious throng and a few more scenes, as there always are, for it is on the west side that the barristers have a greater sweep for their eloquence, and it is upon the west side that the sinner is

MOST PENITENT WHEN COLLARED.

In the bull-pen there was not room enough to sandwich a thin hair. A boy was pulled out who had been picked up on the streets, and a poor, wrinkled woman edged her way forward, shoved the "lawyers" aside and made an appeal for her boy. Between her and the grave this red haired, freckled urchin was her only support. If he was taken away she would kill herself before night. The boy was forgiven, the old woman threw her arms about him and then raised her hands to heaven—if she had any idea of such a place—and invoked her blessing on the "Court."

As Barrister O'Malley labored in the front of the contest for a woman whose insanity he was trying to establish, the bouquet of "Sweet Williams" that had been pinned fresh upon his coat wilted and tumbled. The barrister's quick perception did not fail him, and seizing it, he lifted it aloft and said that no wonder the flowers withered when such a one as his client was dragged out.

Three girls, sisters, who had been upon the streets facing the elements and catering to the desires of men, begged to be pardoned on account of a blind mother whom they were pledged to support.

Another was the daughter of a clergyman and had been reared within the circle of the church. Her own mother had set the example, and that ought to excuse her.

And so the stories went along until there were enough collected to make a volume that would very quickly settle the point as to who is boss in Chicago—

THE DEVIL OR THE GOOD PEOPLE.

Eighteen of these women were fined \$100 each. Five were fined \$50 and some half dozen \$25 each. Some old in years, as well as sin, were suspended to scrub the station. Levine was fined \$100 for running a gambling house, and his inmates were fined \$25 each.

When this scene was over, and the clerk's crimson hair had assumed a pale hue like the ashes of roses, the "buses" had not yet arrived, and the victims were sent below to await their arrival.

And then, from behind the dungeon grates somebody with a tender recollection of a "grace that was dead" started the air of the "Sweet By-and-By." In a few moments others joined the chorus, and later still every cell responded, the melody ringing clear and distinct, causing the street in front to become crowded and blocked with hundreds who stopped and listened and then moved on forgetting the misery that had given birth to song.

A number of the "higher up" ones took changes of venue to Justice Scully, who continued them to the 10th.

By the raid and the disposition, the straw-bailer and the attorney are benefitted, princi-

pally. The treasury of the city is not much better off, but the streets for a while will be less crowded by a class that seemed to have a lease of life upon them. Thus far, all right. As a matter of reform, so far as the individuals are concerned, it is one of the biggest burlesques that was ever played. You might as well snap your finger at the wind and expect it to subdue as to reform these poor devils by such means.

Desperate Struggle With a Burglar.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SARATOGA, N. Y., August 7.—"Full account of the murder at Temple Grove," shrilly shouted by the early newsboy, was the first sound that greeted the ear of sleeping Saratoga this morning. The truth, however, showed that an attempt at murder, and not a murder, was the case, the facts of which are about as follows: Temple Grove Seminary, at Spring and Circular streets, is run as a private boarding house by the principal, the Rev. C. F. Dowd, during the summer vacation. On Tuesday evening among the newly arrived guests was Mr. John D. Candee, editor of the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard*, accompanied by his wife and daughter. Mr. Candee was assigned a suite of rooms on the second floor, overlooking Circular street. He and his wife, who is an invalid, retired early, and before getting into bed closed the door of the closet which opened from the room occupied by them. At about 1 A. M. Mrs. Candee was awakened by the creaking of a door, and seeing the closed door open, supposed that the wind was causing it to swing on its hinges, and requested her husband to close it, which he did, and again retired to bed. Shortly afterward Mrs. Candee awoke again, and, looking toward the door, saw that it was open and that a pair of glaring eyes were peering at her. She immediately sent forth a scream which aroused the whole household, and Mr. Candee, who is a large, powerful man, weighing about two hundred pounds, sprang from bed, and, seizing the burglar, pushed him out of the room into that occupied by his daughter, and closed and locked the door, thinking that he had secured him. An instant afterward the thought of his daughter flashed across his mind, and he ran back into the room and gripped the burglar and threw him on his back, intending to hold him until assistance arrived. The man offered little resistance, which rather threw Mr. Candee off his guard, and in an instant the burglar fired a shot at him, the ball taking effect in the muscular part of the back of the neck. Mr. Candee did not feel the effects of the shot, and springing up, ran to see that the hall door was secured, thinking that the man had entered in that way. On returning he found that his bird had just flown out of the window, making his escape down the ladder by which he had gained entrance. The continued screams of Mrs. Candee roused the other guests, fourteen of whom are clergymen, and a small host of scrawny legged men in night shirts rushed wildly through the halls, which were thronged with screaming women and crying children. The whole of the struggle with the burglar lasted only a moment, and the excitement not much longer.

A physician was summoned who dressed Mr. Candee's wounds. Mr. Candee was found this morning eating his breakfast in his room. He says he did not think of any danger from a pistol, and knew that he could overpower the burglar, as he was rather undersized and not very strongly developed. Besides the pistol wound, which is not dangerous, Mr. Candee has a slight contusion on the forehead, and a more painful one on the lip, just under the nose, neither of which can he account for. He experiences the most pain from a wound on the second toe of his left foot, which is mashed. The burglar did not secure any plunder other than a pocket diary containing a few railroad passes and some cards.

A Piratical Gang Broken Up.

The band of river thieves known as the "North River Pirates," whose headquarters for ten years were at the corner of Charlton and West streets, has been finally broken up, six of the thieves being in the state prison at Trenton, N. J., and the others fugitives from justice. William O'Day, the leader, is now in Sing Sing prison serving a five years' term for stealing \$3,000 worth of silk from the White Star dock. During a ten years' existence of this gang it is estimated by the police that they have stolen along the North river \$500,000 worth of property. The members of the band were O'Day, William Scanlon, Michael Cassidy, Michael Cavanagh, John Sheehy, alias Sheehan, William Grady, Timothy Mahoney, John Finnell, "Big Mike" Shanahan and "Little Mike" Shanahan. Scanlon and Cassidy were arrested October 10, 1877, on a charge of robbing the Bremen Steamship Company, and while they were in confinement their messengers were watched and their confederates discovered. A number of them were arrested and some were tracked to Buffalo. One of the most desperate of the thieves, "Big Mike" Shanahan, was found in a house in that city, but he jumped out of a four-story window and escaped. On Friday, 2d inst., Scanlon, Cassidy, Cavanagh, "Little Mike" Shanahan, Sheehy and Grady were sentenced by Justice Garretson, of Hoboken, to state prison for ten years each.

CASHIER CONANT.

How a Pretty Little Actress Inspired the Peculative Talent of Boston's Latest Defaulter.

Boston, Mass., August 4.—A great deal of sympathy is felt for Cashier Conant, notwithstanding the fact that sympathy for defaulters is nearly played out here in New England. The ruined cashier makes no attempt to deny or palliate his guilt and disclaims indignantly any attention of feeling from justice. "This misfortune," he said to a reporter, "has befallen me when least expected, and I do not want the public to think that another rasoul is unearthed, for I do say and with candor and truth, and my friends will bear with me in it, that there was nothing mean or dirty in any of my transactions—none at all. What I did I did fearlessly and boldly. I know some will say 'still water runs deep,' and the 'rat that gets the most steals the least,' but not so in my case. My ruin has come upon me, and yet I dealt squarely and fairly with my fellows during the investments with money not my own. As I said before, this is something sudden and brief not a case of long duration, as some think. I thought I was a skillful financier and ought to manage it, but misfortune has been the result. It was for a gain of wealth that I did as I did, and I read with pain to-day that some think that it was caused by a life of

EXTRAVAGANCE AND DISSIPATION.

How anyone could say that I cannot tell, for truly no man has led a more sober and temperate life than I have done from my youth up."

Nevertheless, in reference to the temperance question the following may be mentioned, and it comes from what appears to be excellent authority. A little more than two years ago he became enamored of a petite, bright and pretty actress at the B. yleton Museum, of which resort he became a frequenter. The charmer's name is Ida G. Hastings, also known here as Stella Lagrilla. She was at the time about nineteen years old, and possessed those gushing, confiding little traits which acted as a powerful lever on the purse-strings as well as the heart-strings of the susceptible cashier. He furnished her with an elegant wardrobe and made her numerous presents of jewelry and diamonds. His spendthrift habits were so palpable that they were noticed by one of the bank directors, George O. Carpenter, who at once caused a thorough investigation of the cashier's accounts to be made. Certain irregularities were found, but, owing to his previous spotless record, and on his promise to drop the acquaintance of the siren, the matter was smoothed over. It is probable that he kept his word, as the lady left the city and appeared in the ballet of a Philadelphia theatre in the early summer of 1877. During the month of August of the same year she made her appearance at Old Orchard Beach, accompanied by a babe, a nurse, and a colored servant, and the usual questions are now being asked by those who have the best right to inquire. Conant's acquaintance with that actress has in all probability cost him thousands of dollars, it being asserted that she had boasted of a friend who was good for \$500 whenever

SHE CHOSE TO ASK FOR IT.

Bank Examiner Billings is at work on the books of the bank, and when his examination is completed the matter will be brought to the attention of the District Attorney, and the arrest made. The Eliot Bank seems to have been unfortunate in its dealings with its officials. It is only about five or six years since it suffered at the hands of its then president to the tune of near \$10,000. This official was also taken with the mania for speculation, and had an unfortunate habit of selecting stock which cost him high and sold at a very low figure. Everything he touched seemed just ready to tumble, and the bank caught the losses right along, though the associates of the president were not needlessly annoyed by him during the process. The details of this irregularity never became public property. A gentleman who pretends to know all about the affair says that Conant had a gold and stock indicator in his room at the bank, in order that he could note the fluctuations of the different stocks in which he was interested without going on State street, and that his almost unrelenting attention to the indicator, to the neglect of his business, was one of the prime causes which aroused the suspicion in the minds of the other bank officials that he was not administering his trust precisely as an honest man should. It is further stated that no other national bank in the country had a gold and stock indicator connected with it, and this fact convinced the bank officials that they had sufficient grounds for their surmises.

Road Agents at Work.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

CLEBURNE, Texas, August 5.—On the 2d the four-horse post coach, from Fort Worth to Cleburne, was stopped about two miles north of Caddo, Johnson county, Texas, by two men, whose horses were probably concealed in the brush. The mails were not disturbed, but two passengers were compelled to give up their loose change, amounting to about one hundred and thirty-two dollars.

THE JERSEY CITY HORROR.

Slow Progress of the Investigation in the Mysterious Murder of Officer Smith.

THE MISSING MAN FOUND.

And When Found is Discovered to be Not so Badly Wanted as Was Supposed.

THE FUNERAL AND INQUEST.

[With Illustrations.]

The body of Richard H. Smith, the victim of the Jersey City tragedy, was removed from the Morgue at 9:30 A. M., on Sunday, 4th inst., to the residence of the brother of the deceased, James Smith, 99 Pacific avenue. It lay in the front parlor in a casket of black walnut. Handsome black cloth covered it, three silver handles were on either side, and masonic emblems were in the panels. The plate read:

RICHARD H. SMITH,
Died August 1, 1878,
Aged 30 years.

Flowers covered the wounds of the murdered officer, who wore his uniform, with the belt and shield resting on his breast. The aged mother viewed the remains. She was completely overcome. The wife almost swooned as she entered the darkened room. Summoning all her fortitude, she looked at her dead husband a moment, and then, in an agony of grief, threw herself on the coffin. Tears wet her pale face, and

SHE CRIED IN ANGUISH:

"Shall I never see my poor, darling Dick again?"

For five minutes she was in the room, but soon showed symptoms of fainting and had to be removed to her chamber. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Coit of the Lafayette Methodist Episcopal Church. About 100 policemen were present and the Amity Lodge of Free-Masons were represented. The remains were interred at New Brunswick.

A carriage with closed blinds was drawn up to the door. In it sat a gray-bearded man, who did not leave it while it stood near by. He is supposed to be a private detective employed on the case by Alderman Smith. After she turned from the coffin, Mrs. Smith was gently led out of the parlor by Detective McHorney. She sobbed hysterically as she went. He had to put his arm around her to support her to the carriage. Beneath the veil she held a black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes. After she had been assisted in, the chief of police gave some whispered directions to the coachman, whose report

CAN BE GATHERED FROM WHAT FOLLOWED.

Among the throng that was left behind, the question began to be whispered, "Where is Mrs. Smith?" The coach into which she had been seen to pass at the house of mourning had preceded the other coaches to the depot; but she had not entered with the family. The police had given out that she desired to accompany the body until it was placed in the grave at New Brunswick, and that Detective McHorney was to go there with her; but she did not go. The question was repeated again and again, "What has become of Mrs. Smith?"

Mrs. Smith was in the office of the Chief of Police. His whispered orders to the coachman were obeyed, while the crowd were gazing at the transfer of the coffin from the hearse to the baggage room. The coach drew quietly out of the line, and was driven to Police Headquarters. The side door is in a short alleyway leading from Newark avenue to Gregory street, and she entered almost unnoticed, accompanied by the taciturn McHorney and the mysterious man with the gray beard.

She was taken immediately to the Chief's room. Throwing herself on the lounge, she exclaimed, "Oh, I cannot stand this! I cannot stand it! I'll kill myself! I must kill myself before I'm through with it!"

The Chief of Police entered shortly afterward and at once the room was sealed to outside visitors. Detectives passed in and out in the course of the evening. Her sister, Mrs. Watson, was allowed to visit her, probably for the purpose of

PERSUADING HER TO CONFESS.

A sensation was created on Monday morning, 5th inst., by the arraignment of Mrs. Smith. Many looked for a startling confession of the crime, or, at least, a graphic story of the murder, and the court was filled to suffocation.

At 11 o'clock the door swung open and Chief Nathan entered, accompanied by Mrs. Smith. Every neck was craned for a glimpse of her. She held her head down as if to avoid the multitude of glances. She is a blonde, of pleasing features. Her figure is slender. She was attired in a black suit, a black shawl being thrown over her shoulders. The widow's long veil partially

concealed her face, and hung from a black straw hat with white puffing at the front.

Gracefully gathering her dress in one hand she walked rapidly to the witness chair in front of the Justice's bench, and then

SANK DOWN AS IF EXHAUSTED.

A painful silence ensued. She sat like a statue, her beautiful face pale as death, and her lips and fingers trembling.

Judge Davis then referred to the entry on the police records. He raised his hand and began to address her. As he did so she bowed her head, apparently in recognition. The Judge said:

"Your name is Jennie R. Smith?" She bowed her head in acquiescence.

"Mrs. Smith you are charged with the murder of your husband. Are you guilty, or not guilty?" asked the justice.

The throng leaned forward involuntarily to hear her reply.

"I am not guilty," she answered in a clear, firm voice.

"You do not desire further examination before consulting with counsel?"

"No, sir."

"Then let her be remanded," and the "sensation" was over.

Chief Nathan led her to a small room in the rear in the building, where she had been imprisoned since Saturday. It is rumored that ex-Governor Bedle and ex-Senator Winfield have been requested to act as her counsel.

Soon after her return to her cell she was seized with

ANOTHER FIT OF HYSTERICS.

During the same morning Chief Nathan received a telegram from Detective McHorney that Bennett had left Williamsburg, L. I., for Jersey City, to give himself up. It directed him to watch Hopkins, Bennett's agent. About 3 P. M., Surgeon Simmons looked out of the window in police headquarters, and recognized Bennett near the building in City Hall place, walking toward the entrance. He hastened to the street and met the much-sought man entering the door, and placed him under arrest. Bennett replied that he was going to give himself up.

He was dressed in a suit of blue flannel, and wore a straw hat with a wide black band. To the sergeant at the desk he gave his name and age, and the place of his nativity. Sergeant Murphy said to him that he had acquired considerable notoriety, to which he coolly replied: "Yes; I understand so." The sergeant then asked him why he did not show himself before, and he replied he did not know that he was wanted until Saturday, when he made up his mind to come over immediately, but afterward concluded to postpone his visit until Monday, as he did not want to be looked up over Sunday. He was extremely reticent, and made no statement of his whereabouts.

ON THE FATAL NIGHT OR SINCE.

The police say they had traced him to Williamsburg, and would probably have secured him before night. They claim that he did not surrender until he was sure that he could not escape.

On the following day, Monday, 6th inst., Covert was arraigned before Justice Davis, in the Second Jersey City District Police Court, in the presence of an audience composed entirely of officials and reporters. He is twenty-one years of age, and has a quiet and subdued appearance. He is about five feet seven inches in height. His features are regular, and his complexion is light. He wore a dark blue suit, a Byron collar and a heavy silk scarf. After he had taken the seat that on the previous morning had been occupied by Mrs. Smith, Judge Davis inquired his name. "Covert D. Bennett," replied the prisoner, in a voice the peculiar, sepulchral tone of which corresponded with his gloomy appearance. Then he repeated it, slowly spelling out his first name.

"You are charged here," said the Justice, "with complicity in the murder of Richard H. Smith. What do you plead?"

Bennett merely replied in the same monotonous voice, "I am not guilty."

"Have you any statement to make?" asked the Judge.

"None," answered the prisoner.

He was then

HELD FOR THE CORONER'S JURY.

The capture of Bennett afforded a fresh stimulus to the case and all manner of reports and opinions in regard to him were circulated. This was further increased on the following day by the rumor that the officers had found spots, supposed to be stains of blood, on some of Bennett's clothing, which was at once forwarded to Professor Doremus to decide that point.

Mrs. Smith, the widow, is confined in the dock room at Police Headquarters, guarded by an officer. The symptoms of an improvement of her health, so far as the hysterical attacks are concerned, proved illusory, and she is in a very wretched condition. City Physician Varick reports that in his opinion her nervous system is rapidly breaking down under the excitement of the last week, and he is understood to have intimated that if she has any confession to make it may be expected soon. She is kept under the closest scrutiny, and every significant word or gesture is faithfully reported to the Chief of Police. It is currently related in Jersey City

that, while suffering from hysterics recently, she exclaimed, "Stab him again! Stab him again!" and accompanied her words with wild gestures.

Regarding Bennett, his counsel Mr. James Fleming, of Jersey City, said, shortly after his surrender:

"I was agreeably disappointed by the appearance of Mr. Bennett. From the reports set afloat I expected to find a morose and surly man, but I met one the very reverse. It was Bennett himself who first proposed to the police authorities to have his trunks brought from New York to Jersey City. I am fully confident that Bennett can prove his innocence. The close confinement of a prisoner held as he is, on mere suspicion, is

"SIMPLY OUTRAGEOUS."

Friday evening at 8 o'clock having been appointed as the time for beginning the inquest, everybody in Jersey City was in a high state of excitement, and a large number of persons crowded around the Court House, on Jersey City Heights, where it was held, in anticipation of seeing Mrs. Smith and "Cove" Bennett. They were disappointed, however, for the suspected parties remained at Police Headquarters and did not put in an appearance. About a dozen females were present. They were all seated inside of the railing, and were either relatives or friends of the murdered policeman. The jury were in their seats at an early hour, F. W. Taylor, representing the District Attorney, was also present.

James McGregor, who lived in the same house with the Smiths, and who was the first to visit the scene of the murder after the alarm was given by Mrs. Smith, was the first witness called. His testimony was in accordance with his original statement already published. The proceedings were devoid of special interest, and the inquest was adjourned to Wednesday, 14th inst.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

While the inquest was in progress an officer from Police Headquarters entered the courtroom and called out the Chief of Police. The latter entered his carriage and was driven at once to his office. As he entered Police Headquarters City Physician Varick was driven to the door, and he entered as Rev. Wheelock H. Parmy, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Grove street, reached the door. Inside the trio were met by Judge Davis, who had first been sent for by Sergeant Keeler, and the four went up-stairs to the detective's room, where the murdered officer's widow was confined. Dr. Varick first approached her, and found her suffering not only from hysteria but also from an affection of the heart and pneumonia. He reported the matter to the Chief, and the latter sent Rev. Dr. Parmy to the prisoner, with whom she held a private conversation. At its conclusion he said that, although Mrs. Smith was aware that she was in a dying condition, she would say nothing but to reaffirm her entire innocence of the crime and her ignorance of the manner in which the murder was committed. Judge Davis also interviewed her but she would say nothing more.

Rev. W. H. Parmy is the clergyman who married her to Smith, and he is of the opinion that if she had anything to tell she would tell it to him.

At midnight Mrs. Smith was transferred from the detective's room to Judge Davis' room, where she can be made much more comfortable.

Singular Stabbing Affair.

Stephen Gleason, who keeps a saloon at Railroad avenue and Henderson street, Jersey City, was visited late on Sunday night, 4th inst., by two laborers, who became so far intoxicated that Gleason refused to furnish them with more drink. He ordered them to go out, and on their refusing to go he pushed them out to the sidewalk. Several persons were drinking in the saloon at the time, among them being Agnes Davis and Theresa Murphy. Some time after midnight Gleason began to close his place, and stood on a chair to reach the bolt of the front door. While in that position he fell back with a knife wound in his throat, and after saying that he had been stabbed by an arm which was thrust through the partially open door, fainted. The women called Dr. Peacock and Officer Keenan, of the Gregory street police, and Gleason soon recovered. It was found that the knife entered between two large veins near the junction of the jaw and the throat, and made a wound about two inches wide and two inches deep.

Police Captain Jordan heard the accounts of the women and arrested the two laborers with whom Gleason had the trouble within the next three hours. The men are Stephen Taylor, aged thirty-three, a moulder, of 34 Railroad avenue, and Daniel Beardon, blacksmith, aged twenty-four, of 34 Railroad avenue. Taylor is the son of the gatekeeper at the railway crossing, and his vicious ways have given his father much trouble. Both prisoners were taken to the Gregory street station. Some circumstances lead the police to infer that the story about the arm coming inside and inflicting the wound is incorrect. Officers Keenan and Roach were

standing together, at the time of the stabbing, just opposite the door, and neither of them saw any one leave the premises. The police think that the wound was received in a quarrel among Gleason's friends, whom the women are unwilling to accuse.

Taylor and Beardon were committed for examination and the women were held as witnesses.

Female Tramps.

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

SYLVANIA, Ga., August 6.—A short time since three white female tramps, named Mary Warren, Eliza Warren and Nancy Warren, made their appearance in this (Scriven) county. They were here but a short time when they made the acquaintance of an old widower named John B. Mook. Mary Warren met Mook at a cross road grog shop, and after a speedy courtship of three hours became engaged to him, and their marriage took place three days after they first met. Mook sprang from bad stock. He had high anticipations of the nuptial bliss in store for him, telling the minister who performed the marriage ceremony that he was happier then than he ever was in his life, and would give him a nice present for the kindness he had done for him by performing the ceremony. Mook and his wife lived together only three weeks, when she became weary of traveling in double harness, and, sighing for single blessedness, she determined to abandon him. Taking her two sisters, she started on foot for South Carolina, Mook following her for three miles, when she turned on him and told him if he did not go back she would kill him. This had the effect, for the time being, of turning him back, but did not cool the ardor of his love for his young bride. She and her two sisters went on, crossed the Savannah River into South Carolina, and took up at a bark camp in Savannah River Swamp, near Mathews' Bluff, with a crowd of negro fishermen. Mook, still wishing to be reconciled, was constantly sending his wife fruit and other presents, and also visiting her at the bark camp. The moral stamina of the camp not being in harmony with the Carolina idea of strict morality, it was determined to break it up. Legal means for that purpose, being slow and uncertain, a party of citizens took the matter in their own hands, and made a descent on the camp during one of Mook's visits there. They took Mook, his wife, her two sisters and the two negro fishermen, tied them up to trees and gave them three hundred lashes each. This broke up the camp. Mook, his wife and her sisters evacuating it and returning to his home in Georgia. But upon reaching his home, fresh troubles awaited him. His grown children refused to receive them, and he had to look elsewhere for shelter. He took his women and moved into an old, unoccupied house, that had been leased to a negro. The negro moved in with them, and, Mook says, kindly allowed him to live with him, until he could build another bark camp on the Georgia side of the river. Mook moved his wife and her sisters to this camp, and again they tried the fish business. His meal having been exhausted, he left his camp in charge of his wife and her sisters, and went out to the high land to replenish his larder. He was greatly astonished on his return to find that all of the women had fled, taking what little property he had with them. An eye-witness says that Mook at this time was in great agony on account of his ill-regulated infatuation for his vagabond spouse. He finally procured warrants for the absconding females, charging them with larceny and vagrancy. They were pursued, captured and tried in the County Court and acquitted on the larceny charge, but all of them were convicted of vagrancy and were sentenced to imprisonment in the common jail. Soon after their imprisonment, however, they broke jail and made their escape, greatly to the joy of all good citizens here, who did not think the game worth the ammunition.

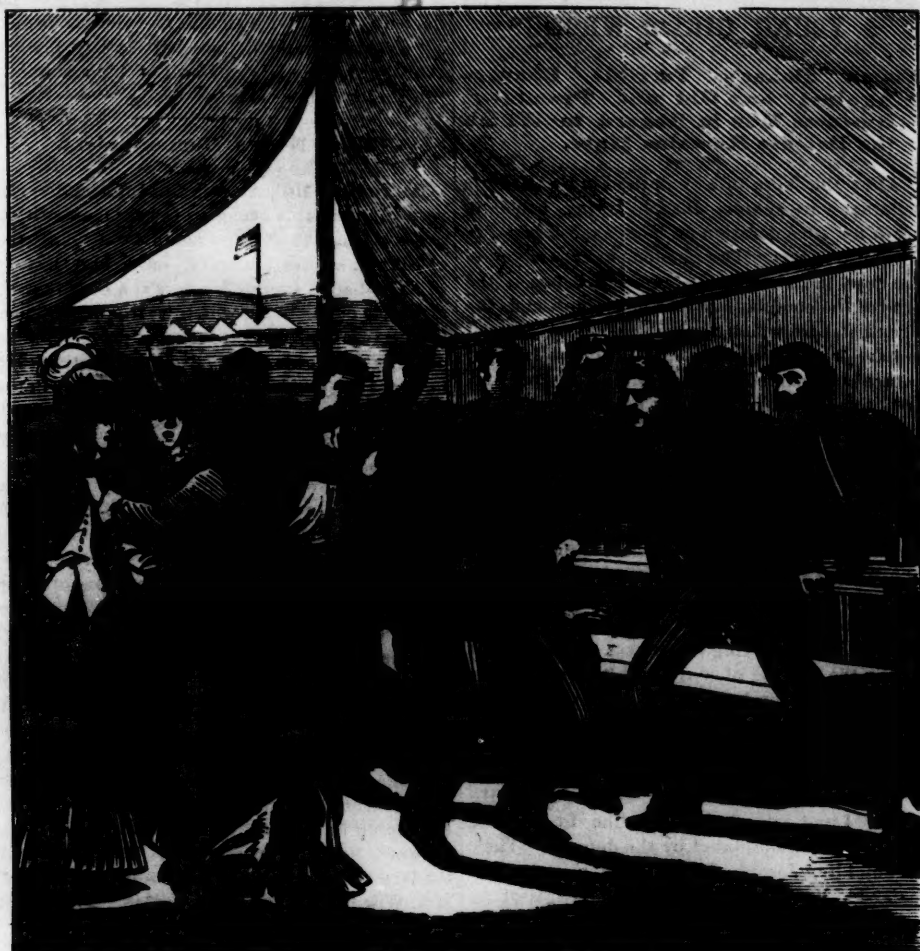
"Dr." Earl, the Chicago Abortionist.

[With Portrait.]

"Dr." Charles Earl, the notorious Chicago abortionist, whose connection with the death of a young widow named Miss Flora Johnson, in that city, recently, was detailed at length in our preceding issue, was arrested by Detective Lansing, and now stands charged with causing the death of the unfortunate lady by the crime of abortion. It may be recalled that Earl's latest victim was hurriedly buried after a burial permit had been made out by the "doctor," but on account of suspicious circumstances surrounding the case the body was disinterred and a post mortem held, which resulted in the discovery that the woman had died from the effects of an abortion. An inquest was held Saturday, July 27th, and "Dr." Earl was committed to the county jail without bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. Earl is an old offender, and well known to the police. He is sixty years of age, and has already served a term in the penitentiary for his crimes. His last offense will give him a long term at Joliet. An authentic portrait of this noted criminal appears on another page.



THE SAILOR AFLOAT AND ASHORE.—1—IN HIS ELEMENT. 2—OUT OF IT AND IN THE CLUTCHES OF A CAPPER. 3—TAKEN IN TOW BY PIRATES. 4—DRIFTING, WITHOUT RUDDER OR RECKONING. 5—AMONG HIDDEN SHOALS IN THE GHASTLY GAIETY OF THE DANCE HELL. 6—AT THE MERCY OF LAND SHARKS—SEE PAGE 2.



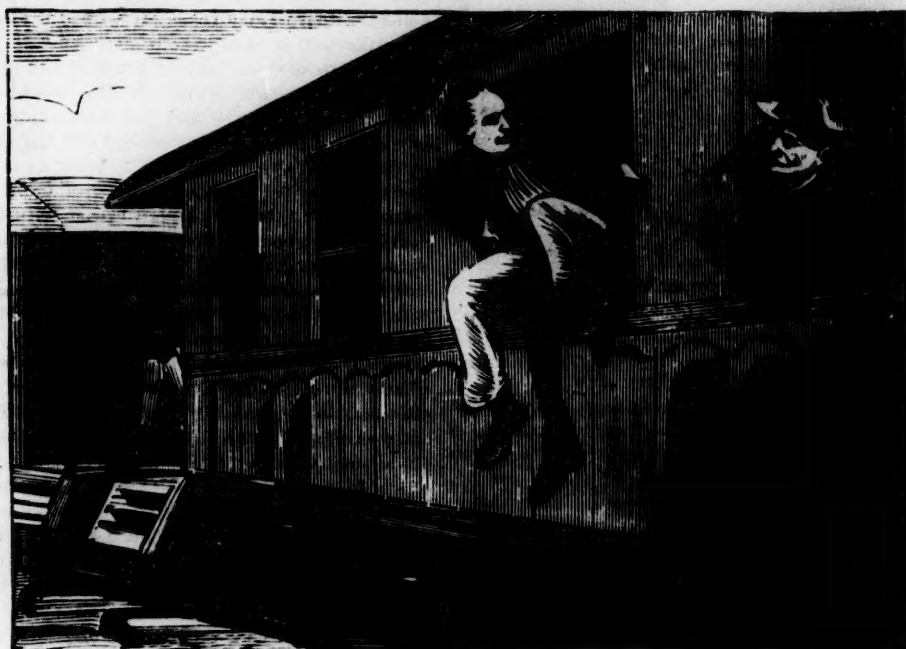
PRIVATE CLARK MURDERS PRIVATE ALWELL, A COMRADE OF COMPANY F, THIRD U. S. CAVALRY, IN THE TENT OF THE CAMP FOLLOWERS, ON BELLEFOURCHE, W. T.—SEE PAGE 11.



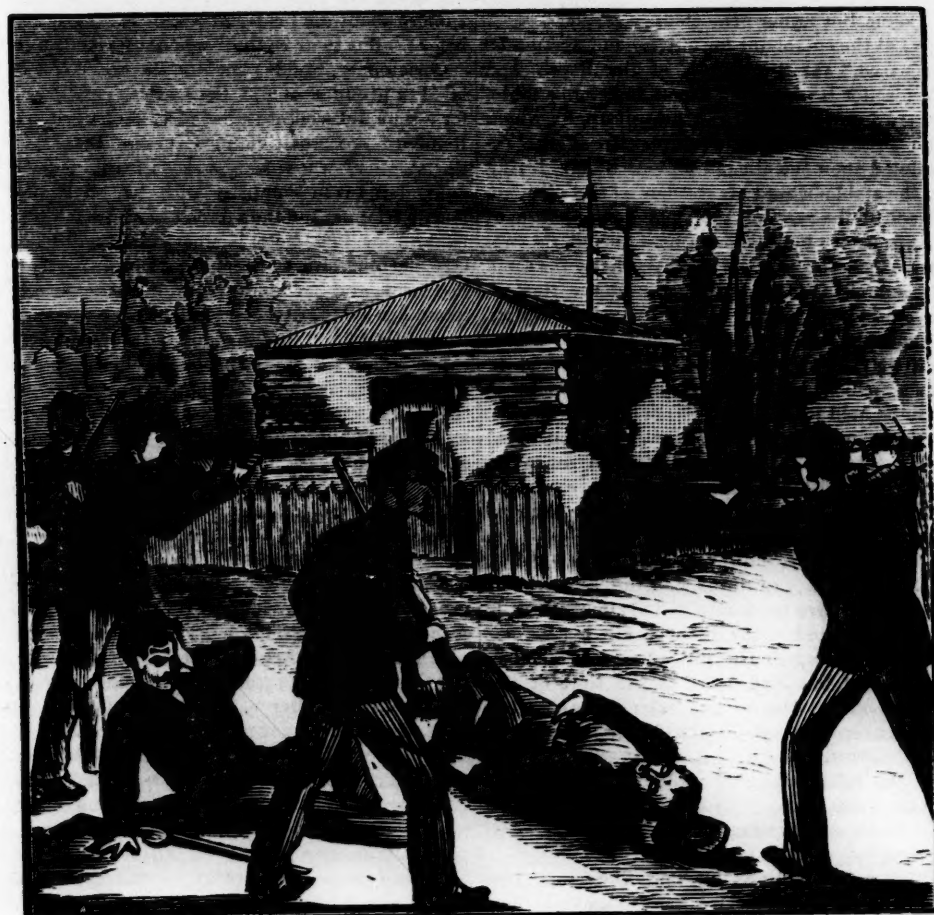
CALVIN BEATTY, A NEGRO MISCREANT, MAKES HIS ESCAPE FROM A PARTY OF CITIZENS WHO WERE ABOUT TO LYNCH HIM FOR A HORRIBLE CRIME.—SEE PAGE 12.



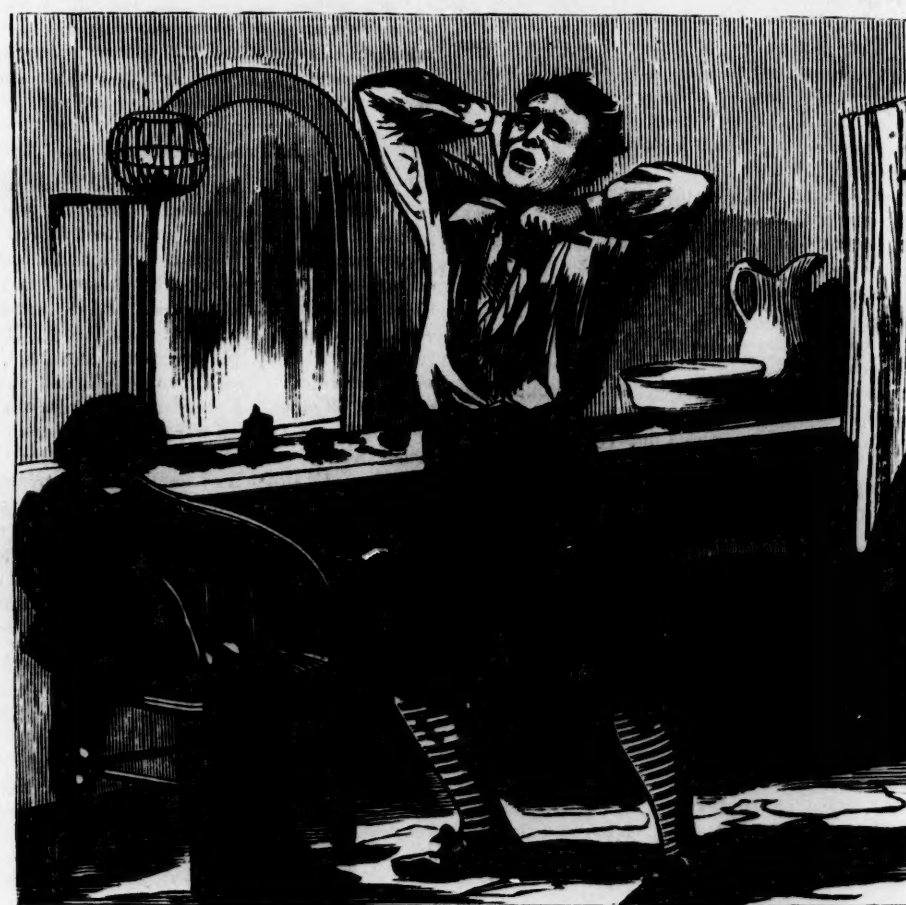
MR. JOHN D. CANDEE'S DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH A BURGLAR IN TEMPLE GROVE SEMINARY, SARATOGA, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 6.



EDWARD BURNS, A CONVICT, MAKES A BOLD STROKE FOR LIBERTY NEAR RADNOR, OHIO.—SEE PAGE 10.



BLOODY AFFRAY BETWEEN SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS IN AN ATTEMPT TO LYNCH A PRISONER, AT FORT KEOGH, D. T.—SEE PAGE 10.



SUICIDE OF LEWIS H. DAVIS, A SONG AND DANCE MAN, IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF A THEATRE IN ST. JOHN, N. B.—SEE PAGE 11.

THE MURDER MANIA.

Several Interesting Lunatics who have been Struck with it in Various Sections.

UNPLEASANT SYMPTOMS

In the way of Homicidal Anties Displayed by Victims of the Disease for whom the Best Remedy is

HEMP OR PERMANENT SECLUSION.

FATAL BRAWL AMONG RAILROADERS.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., August 5.—A fatal encounter took place late last Saturday night between two Irishmen, laborers on the extension of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, about eighteen miles east of here. They were strangers on the road, having only been at work one day, and their homes are unknown. They quit work on the evening named and were drinking heavily, and in consequence became involved in a drunken brawl, which terminated in one of them killing the other with a club. The murderer fled and has not yet been captured.

MURDEROUS MILITAIRES.

(Subject of Illustration.)

BISMARCK, D. T., August 6.—On the 30th of July, at Fort Keogh, Jim Crow Collins, a gambler, shot Bigler Thomas, of the Second Cavalry. The soldiers of his company surrounded the jail and wounded the sheriff. The sheriff then abandoned the jail, and a fight ensued between the prisoner Collins and the soldiers. A soldier named Hurley was killed, and another named Sanders, wounded. Another company of soldiers put down the riot. The row started in a dance house about a woman.

A HOMICIDAL RELIGIOUS FEMALE.

HUNTINGTON, Ind., August 5.—At Sheldon, a small place near here, Mrs. Harriet Fultz attacked Miss Sarah Riley, an estimable young lady, during church service, yesterday. They were separated, but during Sunday school, in the afternoon, Mrs. Fultz entered with a club, and, before she could be prevented, gave Miss Riley an unmerciful beating over the head and breast. Her injuries are very serious, if not fatal. The trouble was caused by jealousy on the part of Mrs. Fultz thinking her husband paid too much attention to the young lady. Mrs. Fultz is now under arrest.

BATTLE AT A BARBECUE.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, August 6.—At a barbecue at Sandy Riffe, Ky., ten miles from Frankfort, on Saturday evening, John Thompson, of Franklin county, and William Gordon, of Henry county, began quarrelling and firing upon each other. Their respective friends and followers immediately drew their pistols, and some thirty shots were fired before the termination of the affair. Gordon was wounded in the face; Thompson's horse was killed under him, Leonidas Howard was shot in the hip; Doan Roach was shot in the lung, and will probably die; Walter Roach had his horse killed. The Deputy Sheriff is raising a force of assistants, and will to-day endeavor to arrest all the participants.

ANOTHER DOMESTIC FIEND.

WEST RANDOLPH, Vt., August 3.—This community was thrown into a terrible excitement early this morning by the news that Mike Winn, who lives near this village, had murdered his wife and child. About 4 o'clock he got up and partially dressed himself. He then took his revolver and shot his sleeping child, a babe ten months old, and then shot his wife, the ball taking effect in her left side. His eldest child, a boy of about eleven years, hearing the noise, hastily dressed and came down-stairs, when his father tried to kill him, but he escaped and gave the alarm. The murderer was tracked to the railroad and finally to his hiding place. When he saw that his pursuers were close upon him he shot himself and was found dead. The cause of the deed was supposed depression of spirits from brooding over business troubles and ill health. At last accounts his wife was still alive, but the ball had not been found and there is no hope of her recovery. The child will probably live.

A POISONING MYSTERY.

DENVER, Col., August 3.—The arrest of H. P. Marston last night, for poisoning his late partner, Edward Higgins, who died July 1, as was supposed from natural causes, created intense excitement to-day, when the fact became known. Higgins' physician had suspicions before death of foul play. The stomach was removed and shipped separately to Boston. An analysis by Prof. Ward, of Cambridge, and post mortem by the medical examiner of Boston, revealed the presence of arsenic in sufficient quantities to cause death. The evidence of Marston's guilt is voluminous and strong. He was arrested on the eve of departure. Higgins was a son of B. R. Higgins, wholesale oyster dealer of Boston. Marston is said to be a bad character, and is accused of safe-blowing in Boston, and of having a

wife and child in Stoneham, Mass., while living with another woman here. All the circumstances point to his guilt. The motive was to systematically rob Higgins and bleed his father, and finally to get possession of the whole business. The examination begins on Monday next.

AVENGING A SISTER'S RUIN.

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)
MILTON, Fla., August 2.—A man by the name of Marshall was in this place to-day with two other men, when a man named Bob Graham went into a bar-room. The barkeeper, who was talking to Marshall, turned and asked Graham if he wanted anything, when he said no. He went out and returned in a few minutes, and walked up behind the barkeeper and fired at Marshall, inflicting a probably fatal wound. Marshall did not see or expect an attack from Graham. Marshall was carried home. Graham spoke not a word, but went over to the court house and delivered himself up to the authorities. It has since been ascertained that the cause of the shooting was the seduction of Graham's sister by Marshall, between whom an engagement of marriage had existed. Arrangements had been made for the wedding, but Marshall, who had been too intimate with another young lady, had, meanwhile, been forced to marry the latter. When Miss Graham could no longer conceal her situation she told the whole story to her brother, with the result stated.

AN INGRATE'S BLOODY CRIME.

PITTSBURG, Pa., August 6.—This evening about half-past seven o'clock, Dr. Edward Czarneckie, Tollmaster of Alleghany, was shot by a young man named Emil Boelter, and probably fatally injured. The circumstances are these: Boelter is a Poleander, about twenty years of age. He arrived in this country about four months ago, and immediately came to Alleghany. Not having any friends, the doctor allowed him to board in his family, giving him the benefit of his library whereby he might inform his mind. He did some slight services for his benefactor, and gave general satisfaction. Yesterday he had not been doing as well as usual, and after supper he entered a room in the second story of the doctor's residence, 134 Irwin avenue, when the latter mildly reproved him for inattention to business. The young man replied sullenly that he did as well as he could, and, drawing a seven-shooter from his side pocket, fired, the bullet taking effect in the doctor's left breast. He appeared to be about to fire again, when Ernest Wilder, a young medical student of Pittsburgh, entered the apartment, and instantly grappled with the would-be murderer. The scuffle lasted but a few minutes, when Wilder succeeded in getting possession of the weapon. Boelter beat a hasty retreat, while Ernest paid all possible attention to the victim, by placing him on a lounge and going for a physician. Boelter passed out at the front door, where he met the daughters of his host on the steps, to whom he politely tipped his hat, and disappeared quietly around the corner. The girls knew nothing at the time of the occurrence. They heard the report of the revolver, but supposed that it was caused by the falling of a window-sash and paid no attention to it until aroused by the young man Wilder. Drs. Hardtmayer and son were summoned, who immediately came to the place indicated, where they found the sufferer breathing heavily, but not unconscious. They probed the wound, but did not succeed in removing the bullet. The police were apprised of the shooting, but up to midnight had not succeeded in capturing Boelter. Dr. Czarneckie has been Tollmaster for some years, and is very well known.

A Tragic Token.

PLYMOUTH, N. H., August 4.—Great excitement prevails here over a startling discovery which points to the commission of a terrible crime. Two young men on a pleasure trip found a bottle containing a letter curiously phrased, and a short distance away discovered several articles of female apparel scattered with blood. They consisted of chemise, overskirt, stockings, a white embroidered sack, two towels, and some pieces of oil cloth. A short distance from where the clothing was found was a small hut made of brush and old sacks, which only increased the mystery. All the things found were handsome and expensive, which went to prove that they belonged to a person or persons of wealth and refinement. No action has been taken by the authorities, because as yet nothing has turned up to put the officers on the scent. It is believed that another fearful tragedy has taken place, and the affair will be thoroughly investigated.

Bold Stroke for Liberty.

(Subject of Illustration.)

DELAWARE, O., Aug. 2.—Edward Burns, a convict from Toledo, under sentence of three and a half years for burglary, was being taken to the Penitentiary by the sheriff of Lucas county to-day, and when near Radnor, six miles north of here, at 2 o'clock this afternoon, the prisoner jumped from the car window when the train was under full headway. The train was stopped and word sent back, and after a long search found him secreted in a corn-field. He sustained a broken arm and several cuts about the head.

A YOUNG GIRL'S WRONGS.

Emma Baker's Terrible Charges Against an Old and Prominent Business Man in Regard to Which the Defense Remains Mute.

After the lapse of a month Emma Baker's criminal suit against Joseph Irving came up again for consideration on Monday, 5th inst., in a criminal court. The phenomenal character of the case, the strange discrepancy between the ages of the complainant and defendant, and the circumstances which in most instances seemed to have run counter to the ordinary laws of nature commended it to public attention and drew together a number of people anxious to learn of its disposition. During the course of the afternoon the plaintiff appeared with her mother and was closeted in the Judge's room. Emma seemed to have suffered since her last appearance in court. She was paler than before, and in her aspect was more sedate and womanly. In her light attire, however, the tenderness of her years was not concealed, and her appearance did not belie counsel when she was referred to as a child. Mr. Irving sat among the audience during the holding of court, and later on in the examination room he betrayed no anxiety, even when the prosecution were attacking him most bitterly. Counsellor Stiner

TOOK THE LEAD IN THE DEFENCE.

Counsellor Howe opened the wordy strife. He said: "I understand that a motion to adjourn this case is contemplated by the defence. They are shielding Joseph Irving from a charge of bastardy, but I have a graver complaint to make. It is a charge of outrageous assault that should be taken against this hoary-headed miscreant. If I was in the General Sessions or in the Court of Oyer and Terminer my language would be more marked. This case, in an especial way, commends itself to notice. The little girl has shown to you that an outrageous assault has been committed. I shall ask you to take a charge against this man, for I think if all the machinery of the law should be set in motion against him he could not atone to the public for the heinous crime, without speaking of the great wrong he has done the child." Here Counsellor Stiner interrupted with a plea that this arraignment in the face of the absence of Colonel Spencer, the chief counsel for the defence, was untimely. Major Noah opposed the motion.

Mr. Howe then took up the thread of his complaint. "This is not an ordinary case," he said. "It is a child of thirteen, we claim, has been outraged. This man has no right on which he can ask a moment's delay. We claim he has perpetrated an outrage for which he must answer to the public, and I here arraign him for the outrage of this little child. I arraign him in the presence of the mother who bred her, and before the community of which she is a member. This is a case beside which Cassin's sinks into insignificance. Here is the living evidence of shame that appeals to you not to let this man go unpunished."

"HE CAN'T SPIRIT THIS GIRL AWAY."

He can't buy her mother or her friends. This must have a satisfactory ending. I introduce her to you now. Hear her story. If it is true this man has committed one of the gravest felonies known to the law. If not, let the complainant be dismissed."

Counsellor Stiner protested.

"Let the complaint for outrageous assault be prepared," was the dictum of the Bench, and Counsellor Hummel led Emma Baker to a table, where a new affidavit was drawn up, to which she subscribed her signature. In it she recounted anew the alleged actions of Mr. Irving in the stable behind his residence at 18 Vandam street, in the year of 1875, and her subsequent meeting with him five months ago and its consequences. The story was substantially the same she submitted to Judge Murray at the time of the first complaint. When it was complete Counsellor Hummel read it aloud, and his associate, Mr. Howe, rising to his feet, pointed to Irving and said, "I ask that on this affidavit that man be held for outrage."

There was quite a clamor among counsel which Stiner's claim that the girl had made no outcry or resistance and so could not complain of outrageous assault, did not at all tend to abate.

Judge Murray, however, settled that point. "If this were a grown person," he said, "and claimed to have been outraged against her will, the silence and delay in exposing her wrong would look suspicious. But when we remember the age of this little girl at the time of the alleged outrage, we can understand how coercion would overcome resistance and fear would impose silence."

"The defendant never had anything against him but this charge," pleaded the defense.

"That's quite enough to send him to state prison," urged the prosecution.

The upshot of it was all that a warrant was formally issued and Irving was put under arrest. That he is already under \$1,000 bail was put forward as a plea to lighten that imposed in the new suit.

"Remember Cassin's," the prosecution sug-

gested; "this man's should be twice as heavy." "Five thousand dollars will satisfy justice," said the Court, and in default of that amount the prisoner was held to answer.

More Negro Demoniacism.

BALTIMORE, Md., August 5.—Information was received here this evening of a brutal assault and gross attempt at outrage made by two negroes at Elkton, in Cecil county, on Friday last. A thickly shaded avenue borders the beach on the outskirts of the town, which is frequently used by the residents of Elkton as a promenade on moonlight nights, and also during the early hours of the evening. The foliage is very dense, and when the moon is not shining it is intensely dark in the grove. On Friday evening, about twilight, Mrs. Wilson, wife of J. E. Wilson, a prominent lawyer, accompanied by her niece, left her residence, on the suburbs, for the purpose of visiting some friends in the town. When about half the distance had been traversed, two brawny negroes rushed upon them, one of whom grasped Mrs. Wilson in his arms and the other seized the young lady. They threatened their victims with death if they made an outcry, but the terrified women disregarded the threat and screamed loudly. Mrs. Wilson struggled desperately and was terribly choked and bruised. The niece, a girl of stout physique, pluck and courage, fought desperately and finally freed herself from the grasp of the monster and ran screaming in the direction of the town. She was pursued, but not overtaken by the negro, and the latter returned to his accomplice, who had Mrs. Wilson a prisoner in the woods. The young lady gave the alarm, and when friends reached Mrs. Wilson she was found alone and in an unconscious condition.

Bands of armed men scoured the country for the fiends, and suspicion being directed against two of the deck hands of the steamer Port Royal, George Johnson and Joseph Moore, they were arrested at Frenchtown and taken to the Elkton jail. Threats of lynching were made, and it is probable that the only thing that saved the lives of the accused was the failure to fully identify them, owing to the darkness at the scene of the outrage. Mrs. Wilson is lying in a critical condition.

Shocking Domestic Tragedy.

John Christopher went to 107 Allen street about midnight on Saturday night, 3d inst., and quarreled with his wife Catherine who recently separated from him. He shot her in the neck, chest and arms, inflicting dangerous wounds, and then placed the pistol in his mouth and fired, the bullet lodging in the back of his head. Both were sent to the Chambers Street Hospital and Christopher died before reaching the institution. His wife's wounds will also probably prove fatal.

Christopher formerly kept a grocer store in Jackson street, where he was quite prosperous. His first wife died about two years ago. One year later Christopher, who was forty-nine years old, married a woman about twenty years his junior, and soon after purchased a hotel in Brooklyn, near the principal entrance of the Evergreens Cemetery. The relations of the first wife did not like the idea of Christopher marrying again, especially as they had heard strange rumors about the bride, who had been married before. But their counsel was not heeded.

Christopher, besides keeping the hotel, speculated in produce at 478 Greenwich street, and for a time did well at it, but Mrs. Trope and Mr. Reinhard are positive in asserting that Mrs. Christopher, who had charge of the money, squandered it in company with her male and female friends, and thus forced her husband into bankruptcy. The hotel business fared no better. One morning Mrs. Christopher disappeared from her home, and her husband, after a long search, found her at 107 Allen street, where she had passed herself off as a widow. He frequently called on her for the purpose of inducing her to live with him again, but to no purpose. Then the idea to shoot her first and then kill himself, took hold of him, and the sequel shows how he carried it out.

The Rosser-Acklen Affair.

(With Portrait.)

A few weeks since we published the facts as far as known in connection with the sensational scandal in a Washington swell restaurant, in which Hon. J. H. Acklen, member of Congress from Louisiana, was placed in the light of an assailant of female virtue, a somewhat noted and attractive widow, known as Mrs. Godfrey, figured as the almost victim, and General Thomas Rosser, formerly of the Confederate service, and later City Engineer of Minneapolis, Minn., was made to appear as the champion of imperilled innocence. With this history of the sensation we published the only authentic portrait of General Rosser which has appeared in a public print. We have been enabled to present this week a portrait of the other actor in this bit of society scandal-drama, Hon. Joseph H. Acklen, of Louisiana.

THE FERRY GHOST.

Reminiscence of a Terrible Crime in
Hoboken Which Shocked the Com-
munity Half a Century Ago.

THE PRETTY CIGAR GIRL.

Story of a Once Celebrated New York
Beauty and her Mysterious Disap-
pearance, With its Sequel of

ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE AND MURDER.

Happening in the vicinity of the once lovely
Elysian Fields at Hoboken, a reporter of the
Sunday Star found himself in conversation with
a "gossip," and heard related the following
story:

"You see, talking of Hoboken and old times
brings to my mind the sad case of that New York
girl who was supposed to have been murdered
hereabouts. Well, she was murdered or spirited
away, or something; at all events she was missed
all of a sudden like, and that was the last of her,
though they picked up a dead body which they
thought was hers, but nobody knows for cer-
tain."

"Yes, I remember something about it, but
you see, it's nearly forty years ago, and a man's
memory ain't so clear about things so far back."

"Let me think; her name was Mary Rogers—
they used to call her the pretty cigar-girl. She
used to live in Nassau street, New York, along
with her mother, who was a widow. They had
lived there for years, and kept a boarding house
between 'em."

"Mary grew up a very beautiful woman, and
many a love-sick fellow raved about her beauty
and disputed."

FOR THE HONOR OF HER COMPANY.

She had a fine form, sparkling eyes and a mass
of glossy black hair; but her beauty only brought
her trouble, poor child.

"Among her numerous admirers was Mr.
John Anderson, a New York tobacconist. He
offered her a liberal salary for her services as
cashier in his establishment. Well, handsome
Mary made Anderson's place the popular resort
for city swells and all who had money to spend,
and things went on pleasantly and prosperously
for about a year."

"Suddenly Mary was missed, and as suddenly
she returned, but not before rumor got busy with
her reputation."

"When the girl came back after her strange
absence it was noticed that she was not the same.
A secret sorrow was scarcely concealed by the
forced smile with which she greeted the familiar
customers. She would fire up at any reference
to her disappearance until the subject was finally
dropped, and things went on much as usual, only
that the girl got more moody and strange in her
behavior."

"Well, about six months passed, when she
was again missed from her post, never to return."

"Nobody knows just the rights of it, but it's
supposed she was murdered. For three days
nothing was heard of her. On the fourth two
fishermen were passing Sybil's Cave, near Castle
Point, Hoboken, in a fishing smack, when they
came across the body of—"

A WOMAN FLOATING IN THE WATER.

"Well, they got the body ashore, and then
they found that the unfortunate woman had
been brutally outraged, and there was no doubt
that her murderer had thrown the body into the
river."

"But was this the body of Mary Rogers?"
asked the writer.

"Oh, I think that's pretty certain. Of course
there was a good many stories got about at the
time as to how the murder was committed; some
didn't take any stock in the murder at all, and
others declared it wasn't Mary Rogers' body that
was found."

"But you see, sir, there was a bit of lace tied
round her neck, and somebody recognized this
lace as belonging to Mary, and the girl's mother
identified the clothes found on the body. Then
Mary had a lover by the name of Daniel Payne,
and when the body was found he recognized it
and gave orders for its burial. Well, it was
buried; but as none of the girl's family had seen
the remains they were taken up and examined,
but nothing was learnt as to the secret of the
girl's death. There were lots of people arrested
on suspicions, but they were all discharged. The
police raised a hue and cry, but the mystery re-
mained as dark as ever."

"Did it create any excitement?"

"I should say it did. Why, everybody knew
the girl. Her previous disappearance and her
great beauty made her a mark for public com-
ment, besides it was regarded as so atrocious a
crime, that public feeling ran high against the
dastardly

PERPETRATORS OF THE DEED.

"No; they had no means of tracing her. She
was last seen talking with a man, supposed to be

her lover, Mr. Payne, at the corner of Beekman
street. This was on the day she was missed.
It was afterward learned that when Mary left
her home, she told her mother that she was
going out for a walk and would soon return.
She had also requested Mr. Payne, who was at
one time engaged to her, to call at her aunt's
for her in the evening. He did not call on the
evening of that day, on account of a storm
coming on, and it was because she did not re-
turn the following day that they commenced a
search.

"Well, so everybody thought it looks black,
indeed, for some one; it's truly a mystery. The
secret is still hidden, and the murderer of Mary
Rogers is still at large."

After replenishing our glasses and lighting a
fresh cigar each, the reporter asked as to where
Mary was last seen alive.

"Ah," said the gossip, "that brings us back
to this spot."

"Thirty odd years ago Hoboken was a wild
kind of a place. There wasn't no factories and
railroad depots. It was all country, sir, green
and fresh and beautiful. Well, excursionists
from New York used to make it a resort for pic-
nics, and they used to come out by the thousands
to enjoy themselves. On Sundays there was
always a big crowd. Whole families might be
seen sporting on the grass, or promenading amid
the cool shades surrounding Castle Point."

"Well, what I am telling you now wasn't
known until long after."

THE SUPPOSED MURDER.

Up at the turnpike there was a small inn kept
by Mrs. Martin. On the night Mary Rogers
disappeared, this woman says a girl accompanied
by a gentleman, came to her place just as she
was closing up, and they drank a glass of wine.
They left, but instead of the main road, Mrs.
Martin says they went through a thicket. Shortly
she was startled by a noisy pounding at her door,
and some drunken men demanded admittance.
She refused to let them in, and they went away,
but were seen some time after going toward the
river. They were known to have been rowed
across to New York.

"Now this Mrs. Martin declares, that a short
while before these men knocked at her door she
distinctly heard the screams of a female, and a
stage-driver also said that he saw Mary cross a
Hoboken ferry on that particular Sunday, in
company with a man answering the description
of the one seen by Mrs. Martin at her place.
Then a hat, a silk scarf and a pair of gloves,
which were proved to have belonged to Mary,
were found in the thicket."

"So you see, sir, Hoboken is closely identified
with the murder of the unfortunate cigar-girl of
New York, and folks do say that Mary's ghost
crosses to and fro on that ferry and haunts the
Elysian Fields."

Perilous Folly of Two Young Girls.

Two young girls were arrested on Friday, 2d
inst., in a house of ill-fame in Bayard street,
this city, and confessed that they had stolen
money and run away from Philadelphia to see
life in the metropolis. They gave their names
as Gertie Hawley, aged fifteen, and Myrtle
Irving, seventeen years. The first girl's real
name is Josie Deisinger, and she lived with her
mother in apartments over a confectionery store,
1023 South street, Philadelphia. The Irving
girl, who is an orphan, came to the confectioner's
as a child's nurse, well recommended by a
Wilkesbarre lady. Josie Deisinger, whose
mother's absence all day from home as an atten-
dant in a photograph gallery gave Josie an
opportunity to peruse sensational literature and
carry on flirtations, made the acquaintance of
Myrtle, and together they soon filled their heads
mutually with rapturous pictures of life in New
York. They matured a plan for getting there,
and on Wednesday, 31st ult., Myrtle stole \$8
and Josie \$5, and with a handsome crape shawl and
other clothing they eloped. When they
reached New York they put up at Earle's Hotel,
on Canal street, and soon made the acquaintance
of one of those genteel youths who infest New
York, who volunteered to show them the sights.
He took them to the Bayard street den, where
they were arrested. They denied to the police
that any harm had befallen them.

Complaint of the robbery was made at the
Central station in Philadelphia, and a detective
was sent to work it up, but no clue to the direc-
tion the fugitives had taken was obtained until
Superintendent Walling telegraphed to Chief
Jones announcing their arrest. Josie's mother
and uncle called on Chief Jones on Saturday, 3d
inst., and told him the girl who had lost the
money had agreed to withdraw the charge of
larceny, as restitution had been made. The
uncle was given a letter to Superintendent Wall-
ing for Josie's release, and he started for New
York that night.

The two girls were arraigned at the Essex
Market Police Court on Saturday. Myrtle said
she preferred waiting for her brother, who was
coming from New Orleans, rather than return to
Philadelphia, and was committed to the care of
the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.
Josie returned home in a very repentant mood,
with her uncle, on the following night.

A THIEVES' RAID IN DAYLIGHT.

The storekeepers along the line of Eighth and
Ninth avenues and the intersecting streets were
thrown into intense excitement on Friday after-
noon, 2d inst., by the sudden and unexplained
appearance of a gang of thieves, who, it would
seem, had determined to rob the money-drawers
of the various establishments whenever a favor-
able opportunity offered. During the past few
days the ruffians who infest the western portion
of the Twentieth precinct have kept the police
busy, but no such bold attempts at robbery were
made as those of Friday. The police used every
exertion to arrest all engaged in the scheme, and
succeeded in capturing two of the most daring.
These were John O'Neil, a muscular youth of
twenty, and John Leonard, of 428 West Twenty-
eighth street, who is twenty-four years of age.

At 2:30 o'clock Philip Mook was left in charge
at his brother's saloon at 520 Ninth avenue.
There being no customers, he seated himself
outside of the bar to read. He had been there
but a few moments when O'Neil sauntered in
and walked toward the rear of the saloon. As
he asked for nothing, Philip merely glanced at
him, and was about to resume his reading when
the alarm on the money drawer made him spring
from his seat in time to grapple with O'Neil, who
held the drawer containing \$15 in his hand.
"Stand back— you," he cried, "I want this
money," and, drawing a revolver, struck Philip
on the forehead with the butt-end, at the same
time dropping the drawer. He then fled up
Thirty-ninth street, pursued by Philip. At
Eighth avenue he was met by a crowd of men
and boys, but raising the revolver, he fled toward
Thirty-eighth street, turning as he ran and firing
several shots at his pursuers. Here he entered
an alley-way, scaled several fences, and mounted
to the roof of a house on Eighth avenue.

By this time a large crowd had assembled on
the street, armed with shovels, brooms, etc., on
the lookout for him. He fled along on many of
the slanting roofs with surprising agility, and
at Thirty-seventh street jumped thirty feet to the
soft earth in the yard. Rising, he began vomit-
ing, and fell into the arms of Officer Stevens of
the Twentieth precinct. Immediately after his
arrest another alarm was given from the store
kept by Charles Butschli, at 341 West Thirty-
seventh street. Here John Leonard had entered,
seized the money-drawer, and attempted to
escape through the rear hall-door, but, finding
it locked, had tried to regain the street. An un-
known customer of Mr. Butschli's seized him,
and he drew a loaded seven-chambered revolver.
The man then grasped him by the throat, and
both fell to the floor. Leonard then struck his
captor on the wrist with the revolver, breaking
it. Before he could escape, however, Sergeant
Myron Allen entered, and, quickly wrenching
the weapon from his grasp, handcuffed and took
him to the station house.

Both men were brought to the Jefferson Mar-
ket Court on the following day and arraigned
before Justice Murray. O'Neil was committed
for trial in default of \$2,000 bail, on charges of
assault and grand larceny. Leonard, who the
police say, has already served a term in state
prison for robbery, was held in default of \$1,000
bail to answer a charge of larceny.

The Female Terror of Deadwood.

DEADWOOD, D. T., July 29.—A middle-aged
woman by the name of Lovell, who lives in a
suburb of Deadwood, called Elizabethtown, has
earned for herself, during her sojourn in the
Hills, a widespread reputation as a virago. Her
first exploit was about three months ago, when,
armed with a Colt's navy, she stampeded several
miners from work on a quartz mill near her
residence, claiming the mine as her own. A
month or six weeks later officers of the law
attempted to arrest her on a warrant sworn out
by a man who claimed she had driven him from
a town lot (his property) at the point of a six-
shooter. On beholding the officers approach she
barricaded herself in her house and refused
admission to them, with a warning that if they
attempted to force the door she would shoot
them down. The officers tried persuasion,
strategy and every means but force, but she re-
mained obdurate throughout, standing at the
window with two 44-caliber revolvers, one in
each hand, prepared, as she said, for business if
they should attempt force. The officers returned
to the J. P.'s office and held a council of war
with the J. P., and they came to the conclusion
that the facts in the case did not warrant them
in using force, and in fact they didn't want to
arrest her. This was victory No. 2 for the
madam. A few days ago a Mr. Johnson pur-
chased, with a full knowledge of the woman's
claim thereon, the town lot from which she had
already driven one man at the point of the pistol.
It seems Johnson had avowed his willingness for
a scrimmage with her, and bragged of his ability
to clean her out. Yesterday morning Johnson
proceeded to the premises and commenced tear-
ing down the fencing that the woman had put up.
The old lady was promptly on hand, and ordered
him to desist. A short and heated discussion
ensued, at the conclusion of which both reached
for their revolvers. The madam, being the
quicker, secured the "drop," and being only a

few feet from her antagonist, she aimed for his
vital parts. Johnson was pulling his revolver
from his left side with his right hand, which
covered the pit of the stomach, when the female
fired. The ball fortunately struck the lower
part of the knuckle of the little finger, tearing
through the flesh and coming out at the wrist
joint, perforating his shirt and making a circuit
of his right side. The woman retreated in good
order to her barricaded castle, evidently under
the impression that she had done good work.
Johnson, however, succeeded in getting his pistol
extricated, and sent two shots after his retiring
enemy, one of them whizzing close to her head
as she disappeared through the door. Warrants
have been issued for the arrest of both parties
concerned in the fracas.

Garlio's Grievance.

Hess Garlio and Herman Garlio, though of
one family name, are in no way related. Hess
resides at 191 Canal street, and Herman keeps a
shoe store at 273 Seventh avenue. In the family
of Hess there boarded a young woman named
Rebecca Hymes. Some five or six weeks ago
Herman called at the house of Hess and began
paying his attentions to Rebecca. But Hess has
a wife much younger than himself.

Mrs. Hess Garlio was introduced to Herman
Garlio, and from that moment friendly relations
sprang up between her and Herman. On Friday,
2d inst., Herman forsook the company of Rebecca
Hymes and went out with the female Garlio.
The couple came home at 11 o'clock at night.
This of course raised a breeze in the Garlio
household, but peace was restored after a little
argument in the household.

On Tuesday morning, 6th inst., Hess Garlio
went to his work as usual, and returned home
for dinner. He found his door locked and Re-
becca standing in the hall. She told him that
Mrs. Garlio had gone to the country with Her-
man, and that if he made haste he might catch
her on the Norwalk boat, which starts from Pier
37 East River.

Hess hurried to the pier and saw, on the
promenade deck of the steamer, his wife leaning
on the arm of the other Garlio. The boat started
and Hess Garlio concealed himself in the engine-
room. The vessel made a landing at Thirty-
third street. There the husband's anger got the
best of him, and, rushing on the deck, he asked
his wife where she was going. At that moment
the boat started, and Hess, who had no desire to
go to Connecticut, jumped ashore and went
home. In the evening he called at Headquarters
and asked the police to catch "Mine wife, which
has run away with de odder Garlio," but got very
little consolation.

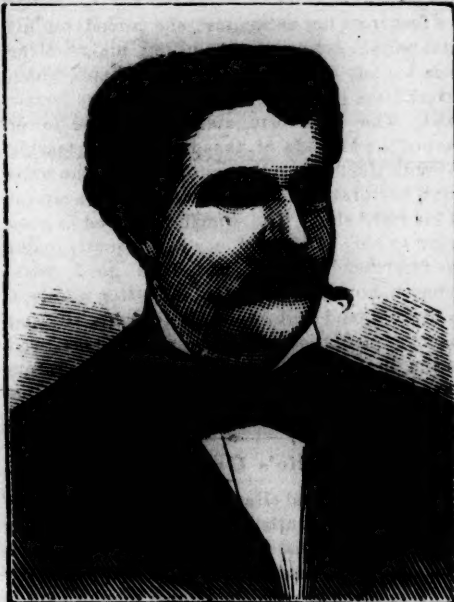
A Soldier Murdered by a Comrade.

[Subject of Illustration.]
[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]
CAMP ON LITTLE MISSOURI, W. T., July 30.—A
shocking murder of a soldier by a comrade
occurred a few days since in the camp of F Com-
pany, Third U. S. Cavalry, on Bellefourche, of
which two "sould doves" were the primary
cause. The company had been out on a five
days' scout and went into camp on the Belle-
fourche. The two trail women, who were camp
followers, came down with their escort and went
into camp also within four or five hundred yards
of that of the company. Three or four of the
company went over to the camp of these aban-
doned women and commenced drinking and
carousing. Finally a disturbance arose between
a soldier named Clark and a comrade about a
knife scabbard, which resulted in a fight. An-
other of the party named Alwell attempted to
part the combatants, when Clark seized a club
that stood within reach, and struck Alwell a ter-
rible blow with it on the crown of the head.
Alwell dropped to the ground as if he had been
shot and never spoke afterwards. The surgeon
with the command was notified and was at the
young man's side in a few minutes, but it was
impossible to save him. He never knew what
hurt him after receiving that terrible blow from
Clark.

Alwell was from Ireland, having only been in
the country three or four weeks prior to his en-
listment, and both he and Clark were recruits of
only some five months service. Alwell was a
fine young man and generally esteemed, while
Clark bears the reputation of a treacherous and
dangerous fellow and he has been in several
difficulties since he enlisted. He is in the guard-
house at present awaiting a disposition of his
case. What that will be I cannot say, but it ap-
pears probable that he will be turned over to the
civil authorities for trial.

A Song and Dance Man's Suicide.

[Subject of Illustration.]
ST. JOHN, N. B., August 4.—Lewis H. Davis, of
Chace and Davis, song and dance man, who has
been a member of John H. Healey's California
Minstrels, now performing here, committed sui-
cide by cutting his throat in the dressing-room
of the hall last night. A search of his effects re-
veals no apparent cause for the act, but it is be-
lieved to have been prompted by jealousy of a
woman now living in Boston, but who belonged
to Bangor, where Davis also came from.



HON. JOSEPH E. AUKLER, THE LOUISIANA CONGRESSMAN CONCERNED IN THE WASHINGTON RESTAURANT SCANDAL.—SEE PAGE 10.

A Blooming Fraud Exposed.

Boston, Mass., August 4.—Another fraud has been exposed in this city in the person of Dr. William Kingsford, alias Sir William Kingsford, late surgeon in the British army and physician to her Majesty the Queen. During the past three months he has victimized several confiding landladies *a la* Lord Ogilvy. His methods have been contemptibly mean and rascally, and his many victims are clamoring for his arrest. As an instance of his unblushing effrontery and conceit, note the following manner in which he sounded his trumpet before his awestruck and admiring patients. He said he was a born Yankee, and early in life, after completing his education here, he finished his studies and became a surgeon in the British army. After a few years of service with the hussars, the Queen of England, who was ailing, and who had heard of his wonderful surgical skill, sent for him to come to her with all speed. Sixty of the best surgeons and physicians of Europe had previously been in attendance on her Majesty, and had failed in their treatment. He came, saw and conquered the Queen's trouble, and he it was and he only, who had saved her life. The English nation owed him their gratitude, which was freely extended to him by her Majesty herself. He was dined and wine by the nobility, hobnobbed with all the best physicians in Europe

and to cap all, received at the hands of the Queen the title of Sir William Kingsford. To assure his hearers of the truth of this claim, he showed a letter purporting to be signed by the Queen's Ministers. Subsequently, during the war, he said he came to America and was appointed by the Government to examine all physicians and surgeons applying for positions in the army, he (Sir William) being considered especially competent for the place. He was now receiving \$15,000 a year for literary labors from the Medical Institute of Philadelphia. He was

immensely wealthy, but he desired that nothing be said about it. He said further that his prescriptions were the best in the world, and sold at immense prices wherever he had offered the right of sale. Why, he had but just recently sold one for \$1,000 and another for \$200. Sir William has also had some trouble in the matrimonial line.

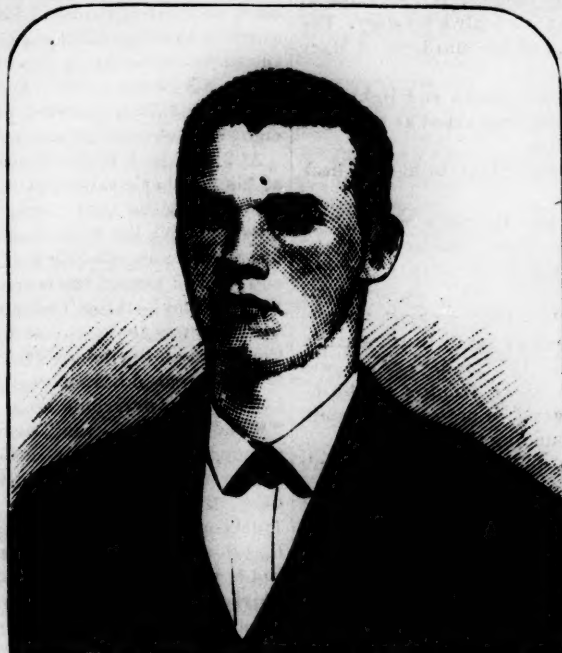
He is about thirty-five years old, about five feet six inches in height, with a tuft of tow on his top gear, inclined to be bushy; blue

eyes, short nose, no eye-lashes, but light eye-brows. He is thick set, with a short neck, clean shaven and full face, and slightly inclined to be corpulent. His face is not at all prepossessing, but the story of his greatness and title made up for this drawback. A newspaper man, who exposed him, this morning made search of his office, and found, not a wonderful array of expensive surgical instruments, but a single speculum, valued at seventy-five cents.

A Lynching Unfortunately Balked.

(Subject of Illustration.)

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 7.—A six year old daughter of Daniel Crisman, a prominent citizen



WILLIAM O'NEILL, "NAN, THE NEWBOY," THE LIFE-SAVING HERO OF PECK SLIP.—SEE PAGE 2.

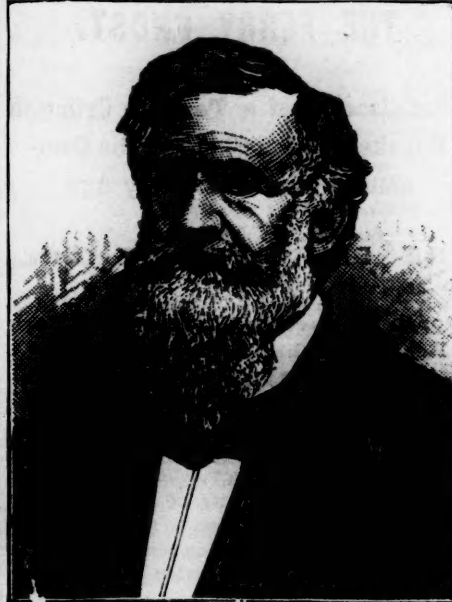
of Williamson county, was on last Friday returning home by a road leading through a thicket, when Calvin Beatty, a big, heavy set mulatto, aged eighteen, seized her, dragged her into the bushes and outraged her person in the most horrible manner. He was arrested on Saturday and was fully identified by the girl as well as by a dog that was with him, and by persons who had seen him hanging about Crisman's premises. He was taken to Franklin and jailed. The jailer had cause for the belief that he might be lynched, and for several nights kept the jail

guarded. No attempt having been made at lynching his suspicions were lulled and the guard dismissed at eleven o'clock last night, promising to send two guards, however in their place. An hour afterward the tramp of 150 horses was heard, and then came a knock upon his door. "Who's there?" asked the jailer. "A friend," was softly replied. "What do you want?" asked the jailer. "We have come for Calvin Beatty and we intend to have him. We don't want to

frighten you or harm you; we are aware of your position and respect it. Just quietly give us the keys and stay in your room."

"You can't have my keys. I will die before I will give them up," said the jailer.

"Knock down the door," said a man in an undertone, and it was done. Three men rushed into the hall through the breach, when the jailer's wife met them, exclaiming, "Oh, gentlemen just consider what a terrible thing you are doing before going any further." Said they, "Madam, we took the whole matter into consideration before leaving our homes. Our minds are made up now." They then passed into the jail, knocked off the lock to Beatty's cell, told



"DR." CHARLES EARL, THE CHICAGO ABORTIONIST, CHARGED WITH CAUSING THE DEATH OF MRS. FLORA JOHNSON.—SEE PAGE 7.

Beatty he was wanted, and pushed him along out of the door and took him away. This morning a halter, with a noose, was found, but it was not tied to a tree. Underneath were many tracks of horses, but no signs of Beatty. A despatch received at ten P.M. announces that the mob attempted to hang Beatty, but he ran, was fired on, badly wounded, but escaped, and is now in custody of the officers. Beatty asserts his innocence.

A Policeman Murdered by a Negro.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 8.—At 11:30 last night Officer James Whalen, of the police force, stationed in the Bucktown District of this city, was fatally stabbed by George Wakefield, a desperate negro, whom he was attempting to arrest. Wakefield had been abusing a woman, who called for help. Whalen and his partner came along, and the former was about to lay hands on the desperado when the latter drew an ugly-looking knife, and with one lunge disemboweled the officer, after which he fled and escaped.

Whalen is lying at Sister Anthony's Hospital, dying. He is married and has a child. The police were very much excited, and search for the assassin was vigilant and he was captured about half-past two o'clock this morning by Officers Floyd and Butler.



MARSHAL PHY, OF PHOENIX, ARIZONA, ATTEMPTS SINGLE HANDED, TO QUELL A MURDEROUS ROW AMONG MEXICANS WHO ARE CELEBRATING A SAINT'S DAY IN A BAGNIO IN THAT CITY.—SEE PAGE 14.

AN ELECTION DAY TRAGEDY.

A Special Policeman Murdered at the Feet of Lookout Mountain by a Negro Desperado.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of Police Gazette.)

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., August 3.—On Thursday morning, being election day, Marshal Lowry was selecting some men to act as special policemen during the day. Among others who presented themselves was David Norton, an employe of the Vulcan Iron Works. He was sworn in, given a club and went on duty, but later in the day was excused by the Marshal, when he and two or three friends got in a carriage and went to the voting precinct of the 17th district, at the foot of Lookout Mountain, near the Half-Way House. The road here passes through a cut, and the carriage stopped on the side of the road near the bluff. While it was standing there a crippled colored man named Julius Fitzhugh passed between the carriage and the bluff, and accidentally swung against one of the horses, causing it to start slightly. Norton spoke to the man about it, who replied that he could not help it. Further words passed between them, and soon Norton took the carriage whip from the driver's hands and struck at Fitzhugh, who

DODGED THE BLOW.

Norton then jumped from the carriage and struck Fitzhugh with the whip, then caught him by the collar and struck him again, some say with a rock which he had picked up. All this time the men in the carriage were urging Norton to get back into the carriage and go away, but he refused, still holding Fitzhugh and moving slowly forward.

In the meantime the colored men around there began to congregate, and when they saw what was going on, surrounded the combatants, uttering words of disapproval, which soon grew into grave threats against Norton, such as "kill him," "shoot him," "knock him down," "let me shoot him," etc., and drawing knives and pistols and arming themselves with clubs and tools from a blacksmith shop that was near. A last mulatto named John Myrick rushed forward with his pocket-knife open, and coming up to Norton, struck him in the throat, severing the jugular vein, the

BLOOD SPURTING OUT EIGHT TO TEN FEET.

Norton started to cross the road, but soon fell; the men around assisted him into the blacksmith shop, but in a moment or two he was dead, the loss of blood being very great.

After inflicting the wound, Myrick turned and the crowd told him to get away from there and make his escape, which advice he acted on immediately, taking the old road over the point of Lookout Mountain, in which direction he soon disappeared.

A few white men were standing near at the time of the murder and the escape, but they were unarmed and the mob of negroes was so large



FATAL FOOLHARDINESS—THOMAS DOOLAN LOSES HIS LIFE IN ATTEMPTING TO EMULATE SAM PATCH, AT PASSAIC FALLS, N. J.—SEE PAGE 4

boarded the Third avenue horse-car and robbed a paymaster recently.

A Jealous Lover's Frenzy.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Aug. 4.—About nine o'clock last night a dreadful tragedy occurred at the Green Front Saloon, a kind of variety establishment in this city. It seems the property man of the concern, a young fellow named John Lanham, has for some time been jealous of the attention shown one of the actresses, Georgia Drake, by A. Malton Squires, of the Eighth cavalry, which appears to have been reciprocated. Frenzied by jealousy Lanham determined on the destruction of all concerned. He procured a pistol and ammunition and had a horse ready for flight. Last night while the performance was going on he drew his pistol and fired point blank at Squires, who fled; a second shot was fired at the flying man, who made good his escape with a bullet hole through his thigh. He then turned upon the actress and fired, the bullet striking her in the chin and passing downward into the throat, making a ghastly wound from which it is impossible for her to recover. Lanham then pointed the pistol toward his own head and fired, but missed himself and shot a young man named William Bailey, a stranger, through the upper arm. Lanham then made his way to the place where his horse was and escaped, though pursued. The only wonder is that a half dozen persons were not killed in the crowded room. Telegrams have been sent to the various points on the frontier and Lanham will probably be captured. He was from Houston and about nineteen years old.

Thrilling Incident at an Oil Well.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of Police Gazette.) MILLERSTOWN, Pa., August 6.—On Thursday, 25th ult., an accident occurred at an oil well just on the outskirts of this place that came near resulting in the death of a young man named Jack Anderson, an employe at the wells. The circumstances are as follows: Anderson, assisted by his companion at the well were drawing the rods, Anderson working on the derrick floor. As the cable was ascending the hook caught in Anderson's boot, and with terrible rapidity began drawing him up feet foremost. There was no one present to stop the engine, and Anderson like a drowning man grasping at a frail stick, realized at once his perilous position, and grasping the long lever that came within arm's reach as he passed on upward, stopped the snorting engine that would so soon have dragged him to the crown gully, a distance of seventy-two feet, when the hold would have torn out hurling him down headforemost to the derrick floor. The man at work in the derrick came down at once, reversed the engine and relieved him from his perilous position.



SPECIAL POLICEMAN NORTON MURDERED ON ELECTION DAY AT THE FOOT OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, TENN., BY THE NEGRO DESPERADO MYRICK.

and so well armed that they dared make no effort to rescue Norton or capture his murderer. The coroner's jury find Myrick guilty of having willfully, maliciously and premeditatedly committed the deed.

The Daring City Highwaymen.

(Subject of Illustration.)

O. H. Stone, son-in-law of Joseph P. Hale, the piano manufacturer of West Thirty-fourth street, employed as cashier by the firm, went at noon on Saturday, 3d inst., to the West Side Savings Bank, at Thirty-fourth street and Eighth avenue, and drew \$2,950 to pay the employees.

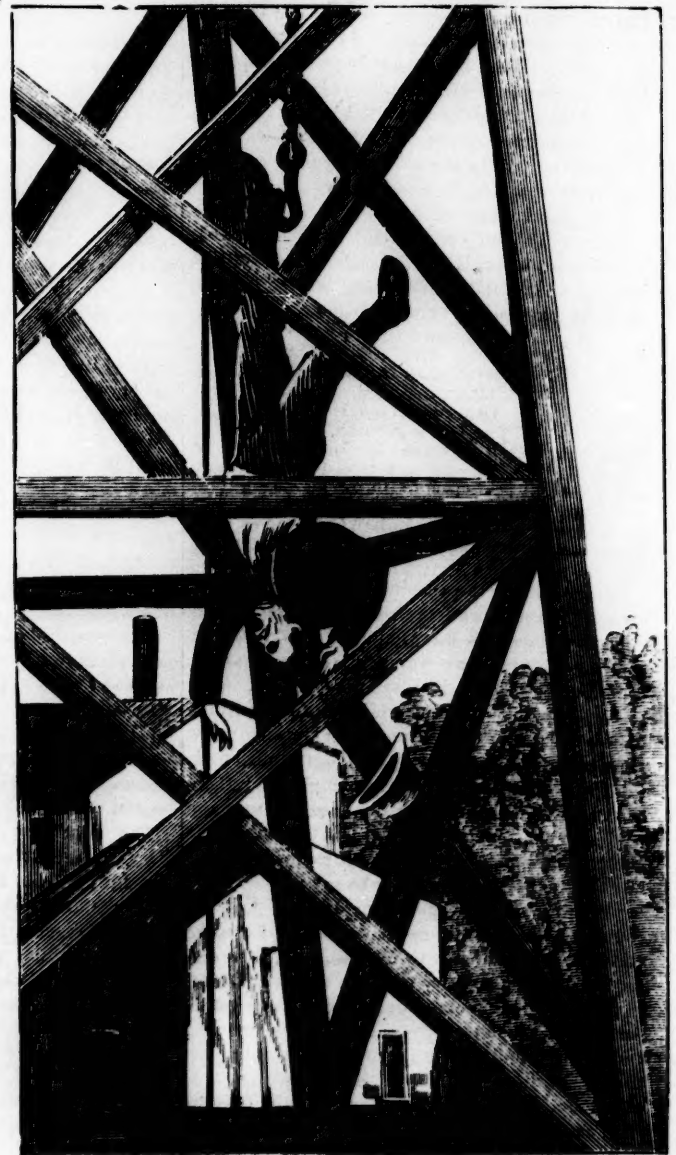
The money, part in United States currency and part in silver, was tied up in a hand-bag. Mr. Stone walked up Thirty-fourth street to Ninth avenue. The factory was only a block away, and Mr. Stone, not suspecting danger, quietly proceeded to cross the avenue. As he was about the middle of the block a butcher's cart was driven quickly by him and three men leaped out of the butcher's cart. One of them sprang upon him from behind, and, throwing his arm around Mr. Stone's neck, attempted to choke him. The other two men seized him by the arms and legs.

Mr. Stone is an athlete, and he struggled with the highwaymen. He saw a messenger attached to the District Telegraph Company passing by, and as he partly freed himself from the grasp of his assailant he called to the messenger: The lad ran to Mr. Stone, who, making a desperate struggle, freed himself from the grasp of the highwaymen and threw the hand-bag containing the money to the messenger boy.

The latter picked it up, and Mr. Stone then turned to the men, and, freed of his burden, threw himself upon them and called loudly for help. One of the men struck Mr. Stone in the face and then pursued the messenger boy, whom he overtook at Thirty-fifth street, and, knocking the boy down, seized the bag containing the money, and ran to join his companion, who, having got Mr. Stone down, waited his return.

The three men then jumped into the butcher's cart and escaped. Chase was given, but in vain, the highwaymen getting away.

They are believed to be the same parties that



THRILLING INCIDENT AT AN OIL WELL AND NARROW ESCAPE OF JACK ANDERSON, MILLERSTOWN, PA.

THE SENECA SQUAW.

Legend of the White Woman of the Iroquois and her Strange Life Among the Indians.

GENESEE'S TRADITION.

Captured when a Girl, she is Adopted into a Savage Tribe and Becomes a Person of Influence.

HER MEMOIRS OF HER LIFE.

PORTAGE FALLS, N. Y., August 5.—This portion of the Genesee Valley has a local divinity, a presiding genius from which you cannot escape. It is a woman, and a dead woman, but as you drive about through this lovely lake country, oftener than the name of any living man or woman, you hear the name of Old White Woman. She was stolen from her parents when a child, and lived with the Indians through a long life, marrying in the tribe and rearing "children of the dusky race." As we go jaunting about this lovely valley, people are always talking about her. There is a spring in the ravine we pass. It is pointed out to me as "the Old White Woman's Here she lived, and no matter what unimportant man owns the land now, she is really the woman in possession. I become possessed with an insane curiosity in regard to her. I go about in a Rosa Dartle mood, asking "for information, you know," about this wonderful little woman, who, according to all accounts, must have been a sort of Lady Hester Stanhope among these American Arabs. Gathering my information, as I do, from many people, with the majority of whom the knowledge is second hand, it is

RATHER FRAGMENTARY.

Tradition is apt to be fragmentary, but I believe it is quite as reliable, and keeps truer and fresher the flavor of lives, than history. Tradition is a wild flower, while history too often grows under glass, and perhaps does not escape a certain forcing process. It is only a small bouquet of facts that I bring to you to-day. I want to know all about this little old woman. I re-olve myself into an interrogation point in her behalf. Was she pretty? Was she brilliant? Was she contented? And, how could she marry an Indian? For that was just what she did. She grew up among them, and grew to love them and to be like them, it would seem.

She married an Indian chief, and when he died, married another chief. She came to be a person of note among them, and must have done some lobbying, as we hear that her influence frequently prevailed in their councils. I like to think of this little woman winning her way among them, marrying into their first families, and carrying things generally with a high hand. She must have had strong personal power, or was it an individual instance of race supremacy, that keen, restless bit of Anglo-Celtic intellect, wearing away that dead weight of Indian inertia? Nobody can tell me how she looked. Nobody that I know remembers her. She died in 1833, and although there are, of course, people living who have seen her, I do not

HAPPEN TO MEET THEM.

And I am afraid I should not have been able to give you, after all, a very definite account of her life if I had not to-day come across a little old book, now out of print, entitled

DER-RE-WA-MIS;

Or,

A Narrative of the Life of Mary Jemison, Otherwise called The White Woman.

Who was taken captive by the Indians in MDCCCLX., and who continued with them seventy-eight years; containing an account of the murder of her father and his family, her marriage and sufferings, Indian barbarities, customs, and traditions, carefully taken from her own words.

I rather doubt the absolute truth of that last clause, for the narrative, given in the first person singular, denotes a knowledge of the rules of the English grammar which she could hardly have possessed. It is interspersed, also, with moral reflections which would more naturally have occurred to the cultured and conscientious gentleman who undertook this biographical task (and who died shortly after its completion), than to the White Woman. For instance, the woman, who has spent forty two years in hoeing corn and potatoes, pounding sump, and carrying heavy burdens on her head is made to say:

"During the voyage from Ireland to this country I was born, to be the sport of fortune, and almost an outcast to civil society, to stem the current of adversity through a long chain of vicissitude, unsupported by the advice of tender parents, or the hand of an affectionate friend, and even without the enjoyment, from others, of any one of those tender sympathies which are calculated to sweeten the joys of life, except such as naturally flow from uncultivated minds, that have been

"RENDERED CALLOUS BY FEROCITY!"

Poor little White Woman! She doubtless

bore many a heavy burden, but the biographer who put such a head of rhetoric as that on her lost his sense of the eternal fitness of things.

Reading his laborious paragraph, I wish that a good short-hand reporter had been there to catch the keen, curt idioms that fell from her lips. For we are told that while she still retained her knowledge of English, she had acquired the vigorous and picturesque idiom of the forest, and expressed herself with great clearness and force. She was a woman with no nonsense about her, and would never have gushed.

Still, I am very glad to have the little worn-out book, because now I can tell you all about her.

Born on the ocean, the early years of her childhood were passed on a farm near Philadelphia, the country at that time being the scene of Indian warfare. One day in spring she was sent to a neighbor's house to get a horse, and return with it the next morning. That evening, as she went out of the house, she saw a sheet wide-spread approaching her, in which she was caught. The family found her in a dead faint on the ground, and spent the rest of the night in restoring her. This, as she firmly believed, was the precursor of coming misfortune, and answered just as well as though a banshee had cried in the night. The next day the whole family were captured, and all, except one little boy and herself, killed. They painted her hair and face red, and with great ceremony adopted her into the tribe, named her Dehewamias, which means pretty girl, and gave her to two squaws,

IN LIEU OF A BROTHER THEY HAD LOST.

They taught her the language. She never spoke English save when she repeated to herself, as her dying mother had enjoined her to do, her catechism and her prayers. By and by she married Shenijee, an Indian, who was so kind to her that in spite of the antipathy she at first entertained, she grew in love with him. Sometimes, in their wanderings about the country, she seems to have had spasmodic longings to return to civilization, but in the main she was content, and after the good Shenijee died concealed herself at one time to avoid being redeemed as a prisoner and restored to the white settlement. She married, again, an Indian named Hiokattoo. Rather a bad and cruel man was Hiokattoo, though this loyal little woman, like many another loyal little woman, has glossed over the blackest shades in his character. She speaks always with great affection of her sisters and her Indian brother, whose name was Kanjiesstangan, which is a very good reason why she does not often speak of him by name. So pleased was K—n at her determination to abide with Indians that he promised her a tract of land. When they asked her how much she wanted she modestly asked for a little piece of land, "more than six miles long from east to west, and nearly three and three-fourth miles wide from north to south." This is the Gardeau tract, known also as the

"WHITE WOMAN'S RESERVATION."

We have been wandering about on it all day. You may drive a long summer's day through the pine woods and along the dusty country roads, without going outside of the reservation. She got her land in spite of eloquent and determined opposition in council, she carried her point, and immediately, with her sons and daughters, took possession of her farm and proceeded to bestow upon it "manual labor" in a manner and measure that would have delighted the soul of John Ruskin. It is in that way, you know, he means to redeem the earth. No more brutalizing machinery, but a return to the primitive conditions of life, when the primitive man shall, with his bare hands, win what beauty and fruitfulness he can from the green sod.

I said her sons, but I see from this narrative that it was her daughters and herself who worked this farm of seventeen thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven acres, her sons being engaged in the more dignified and congenial occupation of quarrelling among themselves and killing each other, one of them murdering two of his brothers.

She says, "My flats were extremely fertile, but needed more labor than my daughters and myself were able to perform."

So she leased her land to white people, to till on shares. And now, in her old age, twice a widow and the mother of eight children, the Seneca White Woman was probably the largest landed proprietor in western New York.

The white people were

RAPIDLY SETTLING THE COUNTRY.

The Indians sold all the surrounding lands, and removed to Tonawanda, Buffalo Creek, and Cattaraugus reservations, left Mrs. Jemison on her two square miles of land (she had sold the remainder of the tract) with her daughters and their husbands, surrounded by the whites on every side.

They grew very discontented and uneasy, and she sold her land, and in the summer of 1831 removed to the Buffalo Flats, and settled on a farm, where she lived quietly and peacefully until, in 1833, having experienced an eleventh-hour religion, she died.

I imagine her soul, however, avoided the

orthodox heaven, and following its life-long instincts, betook itself to the happy hunting grounds, where the good Shenijee, and the cruel Hiokattoo, and the brother with the unpronounceable name, and the quarrelsome sons, had preceded her.

You wonder how she looked? Well, she was a little woman, with bright blue eyes, and light hair, and a complexion that at seventy years of age, in spite of exposure and hardship, still kept the crimson tints of youth.

A little Irish girl—a genuine Kathleen Mavourneen. She was kind, hospitable, just, and sincere. She never learned to countenance the cruelties or join in the drunken frolics of the tribes, and so far as she could, discouraged both. This, then, simmered down, is the life of

THE SENECA WHITE WOMAN.

After she had ceased to be interesting as a woman, she became valuable and interesting as a relic, and about five years ago Mr. Letchworth, who takes great interest in the Indian lore of this country, took her up from her quiet grave near Buffalo, and bringing it here to Portage, had her reinterred, placing her body in a stone coffin weighing several tons, to prevent the possibility of its being stolen. The coffin was made in two pieces, and the immense weight of the upper half would probably discourage the most enterprising resurrectionist.

Mr. Letchworth has also had the Indian council-house near Buffalo taken to pieces, brought here, and reconstructed. It stands not far from the grave of the White Woman, a plain, oblong building of logs, without windows, and lighted only by the openings for doors which have never been hung. There is no floor; there are rude benches made of poles around the sides of the room; there is a canoe slung up to the rafters. That is all.

One can imagine the chiefs of the Six Nations sitting there, in an air of dignity and smoke, and in the interval of more important councils considering the propriety of giving twenty-four square miles of land to a woman.

Standing at her grave, one hears the rush and roar of the water at the middle fall, not far away. And if you will walk twenty yards away, you will find that the trees have been cut away just enough to give you, framed in waving boughs of fragrant pine, a vignette of Portage, white and beautiful, with the July sunshine on her brow and the broken rainbow forever at her feet.

A Big Social Sensation.

TOLEDO, O., August 4.—A booming social sensation burst to-day in the publication, by the Sunday papers, of a scandal, which has been bubbling up very near the surface for some time, but which, from the high standing of some of the parties and their relatives had been known heretofore only among the gossips. Mr. James Barrett, formerly living at Blissfield, Mich., and at present, or until recently, in the employ of the Dayton and Michigan railroad here, makes a public statement, charging Mr. L. M. Hubbard, the local agent of that company here, with the seduction of his wife's sister, and improper relations with his own wife, on account of which, he charges, he has put his wife away from him, and his family is broken up. Hubbard is a brother-in-law of President Shoemaker, of the Dayton and Michigan road, his wife having been a Shoemaker. The latter, it is said, is nearly distracted over the affair, which is of the greatest possible pain to Hubbard's relatives. Barrett's charges are most sensational, and the following is the substance: He states that Hubbard has long been criminal with his (Barrett's) wife's sister, a Miss Sarah McDowell, a young woman of some accomplishments, whom he has been keeping in private rooms, whose expenses he (Hubbard) bore. This was for a period of nearly two years past, and the rooms were on St. Clair street, not far from Mr. Hubbard's own residence. All this time, Barrett says, while cognizant of his sister's shame, he was yet influenced to keep quiet about it by Hubbard's declaration to him that he loved his sister, and intended to get a bill of divorce from Mrs. Hubbard and marry her. As confirmatory of this intention, it seems a fact that Hubbard took steps beyond the usual treatment of a paramour, and actually sent the girl to the convent here, the Ursuline, for a time for instructions in music and other accomplishments. Miss Sarah's first connection with Hubbard's family was as a domestic, doing common house work. Last fall, in October, Barrett says Hubbard came to Blissfield, Mich., and proposed to give him a situation in the railway office if he would move to Toledo and furnish a place to keep Sarah, whom he still talked of marrying. Barrett came and was made delivery clerk, and permitted a portion of the house he lived in to be fitted up for Sarah at once. Hubbard visited them, or his mistress, continuing the same to this time or a recent date. Recently Barrett says his sister told him Hubbard was, as he expressed it, "fooling around his wife," Mrs. Barrett, in his (Barrett's) absence, but Barrett attributed it to his sister's jealousy; but on the night of July 25, he says, chancing to remain on the stoop reading when it was supposed he had gone out, he saw Hubbard come down from Sarah's apartments and

stop and kiss and fondle his wife who was lying on a sofa. He mentions other evidences he has that Hubbard had been criminally intimate with his wife. Next day he says he sent his wife and Sarah away, and that they are now living in rooms paid for by Mr. Hubbard. Mr. Barrett made these charges publicly in the railway office, and has since been discharged. President Shoemaker was here yesterday investigating the matter. Hubbard has long been known to be living recklessly, and has brought bitter sorrow to relatives and friends. The affair has made less excitement from the known bad habits of Mr. Hubbard.

A Mexican Row in Arizona.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

PHOENIX, Arizona, July 21.—On Monday, 15th inst., "El Día de la Santa Ignacia," or Saint Ignacia's Day, the Mexicans, as is their custom on all Saint's days, celebrated the occasion by getting gloriously drunk on agua ardiente and mescal. About noon of that day word was sent to Mr. Joseph Phy, our city marshal, that several Mexicans had got into a cutting scrape. On reaching the scene of the affray, Marshal Phy found that the Mexicans had dispersed and he returned to his office, remarking to his deputy, Mr. B. Donaldson, "There will be a hard night's work for to-night." About three o'clock Mr. Phy again started for the scene of the former disturbance, a Mexican bagnio. Here he found a crowd of six male greasers and two hags quarreling, and finally, as he approached the house, he observed one Mexican catch hold of another, at the same time drawing a knife to stab him. With his usual disregard of personal safety, Phy rushed into the house, club in hand, and felled one Mexican with a blow from it, but before he could strike again, another Mexican snatched Phy's six-shooter from his belt and hit him a stunning blow over the left ear rendering him unconscious. They then threw him out of the house and he fell into a pool of stagnant water, face downwards, from which he was almost immediately rescued by a gentleman who was passing.

The Mexicans ran for the brush, but in five minutes every available saddle animal in town was mounted, and parties in pursuit scoured the country, capturing three of the Mexicans. By some means the others have not put in an appearance and it is feared they may have shot themselves.

Phy, at this writing, lies at his rooms very low, bleeding from his right ear, although the blow he received was over the left ear. Should he die the Mexican prisoners will assuredly be lynched.

Marshal Phy has been connected with the police force in different sections of this territory for six years and has served various positions as regards rank. He has always been known as one of the most fearless of men in the presence of personal danger. In the line of his duty he has followed several desperate criminals to Mexico, returning with his man in every case.

Another Audacious Robbery.

While car No. 16 of the Avenue C line was passing down avenue A on Monday night, 5th inst., between nine and ten o'clock, a young and well dressed man jumped on when it reached twenty-first street and passed hastily inside. There were few passengers within at the time and among them was a lady, with a valise resting on her lap. He approached the spot where she sat, and, seizing the valise, attempted to drag it from her. She held to it firmly, however, so the hold thief dealt her a blow on the face with his fist, at the same time wresting the valise from her hands, and, quick as a flash darted from the car and ran down Twentieth street toward the East River. The passengers who saw the occurrence but had not time to interfere before it was over, followed in pursuit of the fleeing ruffian, crying, as they ran, "Police!" "Stop thief!" Officer Dunn, of the Eighteenth precinct, heard the outcry and joined the pursuers. Down they ran at full speed toward the pier, with the culprit only a short distance in advance of them. As they neared the water's edge the darkness hid him from sight, and when they had reached the pier he had disappeared. He is supposed to have jumped into the water between two scows lying there at anchor and escaped by swimming away. While the officer and crowd that had gathered were searching the dark places near the river bank a citizen picked up from the pier the valise stolen from the passenger. It was handed over to the lady from whom it was stolen and she left for home.

The officer who saw the lady did not ascertain her name or the contents of the valise and made no report to the station house until midnight, when Captain Clinchy on learning the facts immediately sent out detectives to look after the thief. The officer gave as a reason for not getting the lady's name that he was so busy looking for the robber he did not think of it, and did not suppose she would go away until he saw her again. He further states that from the description given him of the man he is satisfied that he knows him and will soon have him in custody.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and Evil Doers Collected by Gazette Correspondents in all Quarters.

THE STORE OF JOHN HOLDREN, at Ellsworth, Ill., was burglarized on the night of the 5th, and over \$500 in money stolen. No clue to the robbers.

AT CINCINNATI, O., on the 6th, in a quarrel, James McDonald, a variety actor, stabbed John Shay, the manager of Heuck's Opera House, probably fatally.

JOHN SHERMAN, the President of the Tontona Savings Bank, of this city, gave bonds on the 6th to answer the charge of swearing falsely in regard to the affairs of the bank.

P. WOOD, a prominent citizen of Rochester, Minn., was stabbed by a tramp named Crowley on the evening of the 3d. The murderer was arrested. The victim will probably die.

AT MEMPHIS, TENN., on the night of the 6th, Bill Fairies, a negro burglar, was shot and fatally wounded by Officer Rogers. Fairies was implicated in a series of burglaries.

AT BOSTON, MASS., on the 6th, the grand jury, after a partial hearing, suspended for the present the case of John G. Tappan, accused of defrauding the Boston Belt- ing Company.

AT PORT COLBORNE, ONT., on the 5th, a barber named Hugman was stabbed in the neck by an Italian stone- cutter, employed on the canal improvements. Both had been attending a picnic where lager was free.

AT INDIANAPOLIS, PA., on the 5th, Sidney Eakin, aged thirteen years, stabbed Timothy Sullivan, another boy, with whom he was disputing, inflicting injuries which will prove fatal. Eakin is under arrest.

AT FOND DU LAC, WIS., on the 5th, Maurice McKenna, late clerk of the circuit court, and charged with em- bezzeling funds which he received in his official capacity, was committed to jail for trial, he being unable to pro- cure bail.

HOMER HILL, A FARMER of Bethany Centre, Genesee county, N. Y., was murdered by unknown men in his barn, on Saturday, 3d inst., and robbed of \$200. Two persons are under suspicion. Hill's skull was fractured.

AT BROOKVILLE, IND., on the 5th, an altercation oc- curred at Billingsly's distillery between Charles Bil- lingsly and Jake Sheely, in which the latter was struck on the head by Billingsly with a hammer, seriously and probably fatally injuring him.

IN HALIFAX COUNTY, VA., on the 5th, Mr. P. J. Mc- Kenney had quarreled with his father-in-law, Colonel Charles P. W. Miller, and the fuss ended by the son-in- law shooting the father-in-law with a heavy load of buckshot. The murderer fled.

AT SALER, O., on the 4th, Mrs. Mary Knox, a widow, made complaint against John Lemmon, a lad of nineteen, charging him with assault with intent to commit rape. This is Lemmon's second offense, and the community are bound to punish him severely.

AT LA SALLE, ILL., late on the night of the 5th a fracas occurred on First street between a few of the strikers in that city and some miners who are working at the Union Shaft, in the course of which one man was shot through the arm by a pistol ball. No arrests.

A NEGRO PICNIC was held at Old Caledonia, Ill., on the 3d, which terminated in a general shooting and cutting affair. Two negroes named C. Freeman and H. Rutledge were killed instantly, both being shot through the head. Several others were badly injured, if not fatally.

AT RACINE, WIS., on the 5th, Joseph Nunovar was arrested on the charge of assaulting with intent to kill his father, John Nunovar, at their residence in Caledonia, Racine county. Nunovar had just been liberated from jail, having been confined thirty days for a similar offense.

A SENSATION was created in front of Lafayette avenue Baptist Church, in Detroit, Mich., when an insane man appeared on the steps and commenced firing at the wor- shippers as fast as they appeared. Luckily nobody was hit. Police soon arrived and took the maniac into cus- tody.

IN MOOREHEAD, MINN., on the 3d, Edgar Vandecar shot his mistress, named Frankie Clark, in a baguio, and at- tempted to shoot the sheriff who arrested him, but the pistol snapped. The girl is in a dangerous condition. She is the daughter of a soldier in the Twentieth In- fantry. Jealousy was the motive.

AT MONTREAL, CANADA, on the 6th, the Orangemen's trials were up again in the police court, arrangements for a civil suit to test the legality of the body having fallen through. Correspondence between the lawyers of the Catholics, who are the prosecutors, and the defendants was read and the case further postponed.

AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, on the night of the 5th, a sneak thief entered the residence of R. J. Corey. Corey loaded a double-barreled shot-gun and blazed away at the thief. A policeman soon after found James Reynolds with three or four buckshot in his leg. Dick Dolgan, another noted character, was also arrested.

EDWARD CADWELL AND Almada Harris were arrested on the night of the 5th at the house of Lawrence Hart, in Benton township, Eaton county, Mich., on the charge of adultery brought against them by William Harris, husband of the woman. They had started for Indiana, but were overtaken. In default of bail they are in jail.

WRIGHT, SENTENCED from Oskaloosa, Iowa, on the charge of burglary, for eight years, and who has served three years, made his escape through the roof of the cell- room of the prison at Fort Madison, Iowa, on the night of the 4th. This is his third attempt. Wright is a hard character, and has an indictment for murder hanging over him.

IN MONTREAL, CANADA, on the 5th, the coroner's jury in the murder case of Matthew Matherson, at Lake Cham- plain, brought in a verdict that deceased came to his death by blows, inflicted by a blunt-pointed instrument in the hands of Castafelzar de Meribis, who has been committed for trial at the criminal term in St. Johns P. Q., in October.

NEAR BRATTLEBORO, VT., on the 3d, a fourteen-year- old daughter of Hon. Edward Crosby was brutally out- raged by a tramp within a short distance from her home. A handkerchief was drawn tightly over her mouth, sup- pressing her screams. A reward of \$500 was offered for the villain's arrest, and telegrams sent in all directions describing him.

AT FINDLAY, OHIO, on the 6th, Andrew Powell, a wealthy and prominent farmer of Hancock county, was arrested and brought before Esquire Ballard for brutally whipping his daughter with a cowhide. He was re- leased on his own recognizance, and the case was con- tinued.

The young woman is badly lacerated about the shoulders, back and arms.

MICHAEL KELLY and John McCarthy, convicts in the Long Island Penitentiary, sawed through an iron bar in their cell window in the night, on the 5th, and letting themselves to the ground with a rope, made good their escape. The joke of the matter is that both men had been declared invalids, and were excused from hard labor. The physician called them consumptives, and thought one of them wouldn't live long.

Mrs. FANNIE HOLLYWOOD, wife of Dick Hollywood, the "feather weight" champion of Indianapolis, Ind., has brought suit for divorce, alleging that Dick has treated her with great cruelty, and has committed adul- tery with numerous women, among them Bridget Morley, a servant girl, whom he seduced. The parties were married in New York in 1852, and eleven children have been born to them, eight of whom still live.

JOHN C. KING, pickle manufacturer, 57½ Vesey street, this city, was robbed on Saturday night, 3d inst., of \$19,000 in United States four per cent. bonds, \$10,000 in currency and \$1,000 in gold. An entrance was effected through the roof, and the thief, breaking open the closet, secured a valise containing the money and bonds, and taking it to the top floor, broke it open, strewing the worthless portion of the contents over the floor.

ABOUT HALF-PAST FOUR on the morning of the 5th, Charles Anderson, Edward Wilson, John Smith and a man named Drew, boarded the schooner Zephania Sill- man, Captain James C. Fisher, lying in the Delaware, between Kaign's Point and Philadelphia. The captain discovered them in the act of robbing the vessel and fired on them, instantly killing Anderson, and seriously wounding Wilson and Smith. The latter, with Drew, escaped.

AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., recently, Thomas McLaugh- lin was arrested on the charge of assault with intent to kill Isaac Ingraham. McLaughlin gave bail to appear for examination. On the 6th Ingraham's physician re- ported that he could not live, when McLaughlin was arrested and lodged in jail. It is alleged that Ingraham wrote letters to McLaughlin's wife charging her with lewd and lascivious conduct, provoking McLaughlin to beat Ingraham.

AT EVANSVILLE, IND., on the 3d, Charles Blum, a re- spectable farmer of means, brought suit for \$5,000 damages against George Lorenz, a prominent German, for the al- leged seduction of his wife. He alleges that at a picnic, a short time ago, Lorenz met Mrs. Blum and made her drunk on wine and accomplished her ruin, debauching her all day and evening. Lorenz, who is a married man, thirty-three years old, stands high here. The affair created considerable sensation in German society.

IN BEDFORD, IND., on the night of the 3d, John L. Baker and Constant Gaslin, the proprietors of the Pedro saloon and beer-garden, in this place, got into an alterca- tion, the result of which was that the former shot the latter with a pistol, the ball entering his side and rang- ing in the direction of the kidneys. Marshal Jenkins disarmed Baker immediately after the shooting, and, while holding the pistol pointed downward, it went off, the ball passing through his right foot, and inflicting a very dangerous wound.

CHRISTIAN STIMBER, an umbrella maker, was arrested on the 6th at New Lebanon, Ohio, by Marshal Tucker, of Shelby, Ohio, for the murder of Thomas McGrew on the night of the 3d of June, 1875. The prisoner was seen with McGrew on the night of the murder in Hamburg's saloon, and was heard by quite a number of persons to threaten the life of Mr. Clarion, and the supposition is that the prisoner mistook McGrew for Clarion. He was in Shelby working in the furniture store of J. M. Bloom at the time the murder was committed, but left soon after.

HARRY HANS, PROPRIETOR of the Bill Poster of South Bend Ind., was arrested in Chicago, on the 5th, by Deputy United States Marshal Gay, charged with sending obscene literature through the mails, the obscene literature being the Bill Poster itself. Hans resisted arrest, striking Gay several desperate blows, but failing to escape he was taken to Indianapolis on the first train, where his trial will come off in the United States District Court. He was prosecuted in South Bend a short time since for publish- ing an obscene sheet, and was found guilty, when he took an appeal to the Circuit Court.

IN DETROIT, MICH., on the evening of the 3d, while a young man named John Ege was walking on the street with a young lady, a fellow who hangs around a low variety dive stepped up to him and presented a revolver at his breast. Ege grabbed the pistol and attempted to wrench it from the fellow's grasp. He only succeeded in avoiding the aim, two shots being fired, one taking effect in the breast and the other in the fleshy part of the hand. The assassin made his escape. Jealousy is the cause attributed for making the assault, as the young lady is said to have rejected the hand of the actor.

FOR SOME TIME past it seems that there has been a grudge between the Fortner and Simpson families, Owen county, Ky., concerning some dealings in stock. On the evening of the 6th several of the Fortner and Simpson boys met at Cross Roads Precinct, Grant county, and a fight commenced, in which one of the Fortners was badly hurt by being hit on the head with a rock, and one of the Simpsons shot in the side. On examination Simpson's wound was thought to be fatal, but hopes are now enter- tained of his recovery. The excitement ran so high that the polls had to be closed while the fight lasted.

ON THE 5th, at St. Mary's Convent, at New Bedford, Pa., six miles east of Youngstown, O., while the Sisters were out on their farm, binding oats, an orphan inmate of the convent, aged sixteen years, was sent after a bucket of water. While passing through a strip of woods to the spring, a tramp known as Dennis Shay caught the girl and choked and outraged her person, and then took to the woods. The girl, when released, had her clothes nearly torn off and was much bruised. The neighbors were aroused, and caught the scoundrel three or four miles from Youngstown. He now lies in the Newcastle, Pa., jail.

THE DEFAULTING CASHIER Conant was visited at his summer residence at Nantasket, Mass., on the 5th, by Deputy United States Marshal Copeland, with a warrant for his arrest. The officers kept his company all the night and on the 6th took him to Boston. Conant then visited his counsel, Mr. Nathan Morse, and in the afternoon was arraigned before United States Commissioner Hallett, when he waived examination and was held for Thurs- day, the 8th, the amount of bonds being fixed at \$20,000. Messrs. Ezra S. Conant and William B. Hathaway, of Randolph, and John Clapp, of South Scituate, became his sureties.

IN BROOKLYN, N. Y., on the 4th, James Warden, while intoxicated, assaulted Mrs. McKenna, while she was sit- ting on her door step. A woman named McGarry re- proved Warden and he struck her in the face and knocked her down. McKenna, who was absent from home when Warden struck the woman, afterwards sought out the

man and remonstrated with him for his conduct. Warden answered by striking McKenna on the head with a stone, Peter Troy, who was standing near by, then hit Warden on the head with a club, and the three men, became in- volved in a fight, during which Warden was stabbed in the abdomen. McKenna and Troy were arrested.

AT SULLIVAN, MO., on the night of the 4th, Wiley Sullivan, a desperate character, assisted by Thomas Dempsey, who is less cowardly and villainous, assaulted a young man named Wilson, a section hand on the rail- road, and succeeded in cutting him thirteen times, none fatal, although his face and neck were terribly hacked up. The affair was uncalled for, Wilson never having seen either of the rascals previous to their finding him on the street. Wilson's brother received a cut in the shoulder while trying to separate the two. The affair is con- demned by all good citizens, and Sullivan will probably have to leave the country.

AT MILWAUKEE, WIS., on the 4th, the jury in the case of Russell Wheeler, on trial for the murder of Theodore Henderer, agreed upon a verdict of manslaughter in the fourth degree. The counsel for Wheeler gave notice that a new trial would be applied for. The extreme penalty for manslaughter in the fourth degree in Wisconsin is two years in the state's prison and \$1,000 fine, or one year in the county jail and the same fine. It is the general belief that if the sentence is imposed on the verdict found it will be merely nominal. The reason assigned for the motion for a new trial is Wheeler's determination to fight the thing through until he gets a verdict of justification for the killing.

AT WESTFIELD, MASS., a serious case of apparent as- sault with intent to kill, caused by jealousy, was on trial on the 5th. The parties are all from Russell, Mass., where the assault took place. Anna McCabe is a widow, and has for her nearest neighbor Mary Powers and her husband. Mary, with or without cause, grew jealous of her husband and the widow, and when, one night last week, Anna was called to her door by a woman, who seized her by the hair, dragged her through a corn field to a brook, and attempted to throw her in, only failing by Anna's efforts to save herself, the latter naturally sus- pecting the Powers woman of being her assailant, es- pecially as in the struggles she had grasped and retained a piece of Mrs. Powers' shawl. The accused was sent to jail in default of bail.

AT SCOTTSBURG, Halifax county, Va., on the 5th, Colonel Charles S. W. Miller shot and killed his son-in- law P. S. McKenney, with a double-barreled shot-gun. Miller is spoken of as a candidate for Congress for this district, and favored infatuation of the currency. He mounted the speaker's stand and spoke for some time in favor of an influx of greenbacks. During his remarks Miller was several times interrupted by his son-in-law, who is a candidate for clerk of the court. The speaker was so enraged at this interruption that he used some abusive language toward McKenney. The latter picked up a stone and was in the act of hurling it at his assailant when Miller picked up a double-barreled shot-gun lying near him and fired at McKenney, inflicting a horrible wound in the left shoulder.

Mrs. THOMAS MOUNTJOY, of Westfield, Mass., had for some time suspected criminal intimacy between her hus- band and her mother, Margaret Lynch, and going sud- denly into the house found her suspicions fully verified. Throwing her three-weeks-old child from her arms, she grabbed a poker and a stove cover and went vigorously at the guilty couple, and before they were in condition to defend themselves she had cut and bruised them severely. They in turn attacked her, but she defended herself so well that she was but little hurt before help arrived. During the afternoon the wife swore out a warrant against her husband and mother for adultery. The hus- band is a laborer, is about thirty years of age, and his mother-in-law about fifty. The wife is a "nervy" young woman of twenty-five, and, though small, looks capable of holding her own in a fair fight.

AT HARRISBURG, PA., on the 6th, the Board of Pardons, at the instance of Stephen J. Remak, counsel for the con- demned, agreed to hear arguments in the case of Blasius Pistorious, who killed Isaac Jaqueth, on July 23, 1875. Pistorious was a Catholic Priest, and has twice been con- victed of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged, once in Montgomery county, where the crime was committed, and once in Philadelphia. Remak represents the German government, who have shown great interest in the case and already expended over \$3,000 to defend him. The board will not recommend the pardon of Pistorious, but probably a commutation of the death sentence to imprisonment for life, his sanity being in doubt. Such a disposition of the case would, how- ever, be against the prayer of the murderer, who has requested that he either be unconditionally pardoned or hanged.

AT GALVESTON, TEXAS, on the morning of the 4th, L. C. Gussion and Dan Drake, convicted of murder in the first degree, broke jail and made their escape. They were ironed together and confined in one cell on the second floor. They secured a saw and cut the shackles with which their legs were bound, cut off the end of one of the floor planks, and passed along between the floor of the cell in which they were confined and the ceiling of the room below till they reached the wall. They then made a hole through the wall and by means of a neatly constructed rope ladder, made out of a blanket, dropped to the ground. A ladder had been thrown over the wall, evidently from the outside, near the southeast corner of the outer wall, by which they made their escape. Gussion was under sentence for killing Dr. Brown at Houston during the last state fair. Drake was convicted and sen- tenced to the penitentiary for killing Henry Snowball, on Clear creek, last spring. It is believed that a schooner lying at Virginia took them aboard en route to Mexico.

THE CASE OF JACK KEHOE, the head of the Molly Maguires in Schuylkill county, Pa., came up before the Board of Pardons in Harrisburg, Pa., again on the 6th, when the Board decided to postpone further considera- tion of the case until September 3d. Kehoe was sen- tenced to be hanged on April 16, 1877, for the commission of a murder in 1872. The Supreme court was asked for a reversal of the judgment of the lower court, but the de- cision was adverse to the condemned. Judge Sterrett, now Republican candidate for Supreme Judge, delivering the opinion, in which it was set forth that the evidence was overwhelming as to the guilt of Kehoe. Governor Har- rant issued a warrant designating April for the hanging of the king of the Mollys, but meanwhile application was made for the commutation of the death sentence to im- prisonment for life, and the death warrant was promptly recalled. The Board heard the case on April 9, when the Governor became thoroughly convinced that Kehoe had been wrongfully convicted, an opinion which, no doubt, had its origin in a little money transaction involving the purchase of the Molly Maguire vote in the interest of Harrant, Kehoe receiving a portion of the funds from one of Harrant's supporters. The Board of Pardons had three or four sessions subsequently, but at none took any action in the Kehoe case, and on the 6th agreed to a re- argument of September 3, ostensibly for the purpose of

giving Secretary of State Linn an opportunity to hear the merits of the case discussed, he being absent attending the funeral of a friend; but Mr. Linn became a member of the Board several months ago, and arrangements could have been made long since to have the case argued before Linn had the Board not desired to relieve the Governor of a portion of the responsibility for not hanging the mur- derer. The Board of Pardons is divided politically, but the Lieutenant Governor has in a number of instances acted in the interest of the Republicans, and a strong suspicion prevails that he is playing into Harrant's hands in the Kehoe case. The real object of the delay is to save the Governor the pain of issuing another death warrant, and at the same time make a bid for the Molly Maguire vote without creating a revolution among the more decent Republicans, who take no stock in political bargains. If the Board of Pardons should agree to com- mute Kehoe's sentence he would be convicted on some other charge of murder, he having been concerned in several murders in addition to the one for which he was convicted.

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